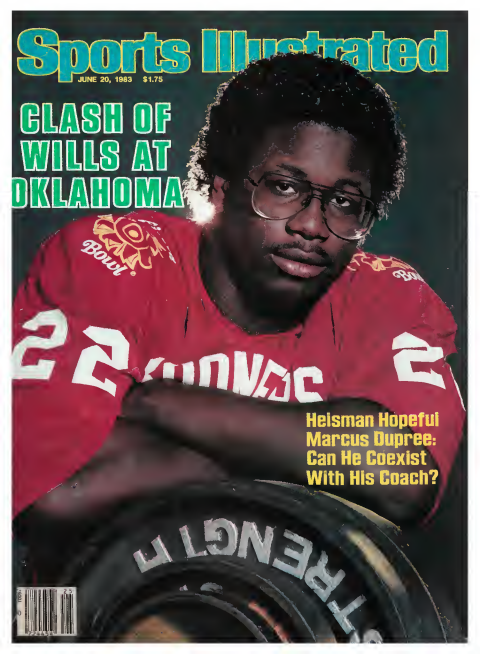


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LITTLE, BROWN

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



TYGIEL: A FRESH LOOK AT THE ROBINSON SAGA

When Jackie Robinson broke through Organized Baseball's color barrier by joining the Montreal Royals in 1946, Jules Tygiel had not yet been born. But Tygiel, a 34-year-old associate professor of history at San Francisco State and an ardent baseball buff who still owns a stockball bat, has spent a good part of his adult life studying the Robinson saga, and now he has written the most complete account of it.

In *Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy* (Oxford University Press), scheduled for publication next month, Tygiel traces black involvement in the sport from its beginnings. The first of two excerpts appears in SI this week, starting on page 62. It deals with the signing of Robinson in 1945 and his 1946 debut with the Royals, in the racial climate of those days. More significant, it's a fresh look—with much new information—at an episode in sports history more complex than older fans may remember and than young fans ever knew. Part II, next week, will focus on other blacks brought into Organized Baseball shortly after Robinson, including future Hall of Famer Roy Campanella.

"Being a baseball fan is great training for a historian," he says. "The types of things I did as a kid—learning the statistics of the players and the folklore of

the game—have served me well." His love of baseball made his five years of research for *Great Experiment*, which included a 12,000-mile automobile trip through 33 states in the summer of 1980, a joy.

"It was one of the memorable experiences of my life," he says. "I'd get up in the morning and throw myself into my work. In fact, it didn't seem like work."

Tygiel was born and raised a Dodger fan in the East Flatbush section of Brooklyn. He was only eight years old when the Dodgers abandoned Brooklyn for Los Angeles. "I was crestfallen," he says, and, indeed, he has never forgiven the Bums for skipping town. By the time he'd earned his B.A. from Brooklyn College in 1969, he was a passionate Mets fan. Not even six years as a graduate student at UCLA, where he received his M.A. in 1973 and his Ph.D. in

1977, could rekindle any love for his former team.

"My friends and I used to go to Dodger Stadium and root for the Mets," he says. "People would throw hot dogs and peanuts at us in the stands. After a while nobody wanted to sit with us." However, the Mets' trade of his idol, Tom Seaver, to the Reds in 1977, didn't set well with Tygiel, and nowadays the man his father, Gustave, "didn't raise to be a Giants fan" is just that.

He's also the owner/general manager of the Tygiel Products of the Pacific Ghost League, as well as the league's commissioner. "Every year guys put up \$50 to draft a 22-man imaginary major league roster," he says. "We keep standings and statistics in certain categories and make trades." Tygiel's top two players this season are Robin Yount and Dale Murphy—hardly a shabby nucleus—and when old favorite Seaver became available, Tygiel enthusiastically traded for him. "But when a better offer came along," Tygiel says, "I traded my favorite player of all time even-up—for Tommy John."

Robert L. Miller

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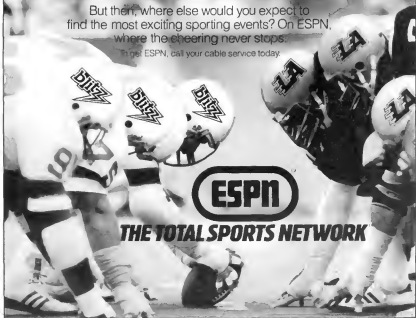
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1982 U.S. Open at Pebble Beach.

Photos by Richard Mosen

From where Tom Watson was on the 71st hole of the U.S. Open golf championship at Pebble Beach—in the garbage, on a downslope, looking at a slick green—you don't simply chip the ball into the cup for a birdie to beat Jack Nicklaus, who is already in the scorer's tent with a total good enough to win. First you throw up.

Well, that's wrong, of course. If you're Watson, by now you're accustomed to beating Nicklaus in major tournaments because you've done it before at the Masters and in the British Open, so you lay open the blade of a sand wedge and plop the lob-chip shot softly onto the putting surface and then watch the flagstick get in the way of the ball to keep it from running all the way to the Lodge.

Of the many dramatic and champion-twisting shots that were struck and misstruck... in all of the 81 Opens that came before this one, Watson's chip-in at the 17th will be remembered for as long as men sew leather patches on the elbows of their tweed jackets.—Dan Jenkins, *SI*—June 28, 1982

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by FRANK LIDZ

A FIGHTER WOULD HAVE TO BE ALL WET NOT TO LIKE THIS WATER-FILLED BAG

The first real improvement in the heavy bag in 111 years gives a boxer the sensation of having popped someone in the gut. "It feels human," says Tom Critelli of his water-filled invention. "It's 95 percent fluid." In 1872 Simon D. Kehoe patented the bag that's still in general use. It consists of a tube of canvas and leather crammed with sand. After the bag is punched around for a couple of years, the sand tends to settle and lump up; it can get as hard as a column of marble. "I practiced on one as a kid," Critelli says, "and I'd cry every time I hit it." That's why he invented his own.

Critelli is a former Niagara County (N.Y.) deputy sheriff with a black belt in karate who worked out regularly on a conventional bag. Then one day two years ago, he filled a plastic utility bag with water, slugged it and got drenched. But he liked the feel of it. It gave like somebody's belly. So he began experimenting with other materials, and within two weeks he had a working model.

Critelli's Powair Fitness bag is cylindrical like its ancestor, with a vinyl covering and a vulcanized rubber bladder that he guarantees won't burst when you punch it. "For the beating it takes, it's very good," says Donald Hayes, manager of the Times Square Boxing Club in New York, where, among other places, the bag was monitored before being widely offered for sale.

The water bag comes in five sizes, ranging from 55 to 150 pounds. Though slightly more expensive than the sand version (the water bag costs from \$92 to \$300, compared with about \$80 to \$290 for sand), the new bag is worth it. Its firmness is adjustable, and it's portable; you can drain it and carry it with you.

Critelli originally tried putting mannequin-like arms onto the bag to make it more lifelike, but the seams kept splitting. Still, he thinks it's the nearest thing to a human body you can hit. It's a lot better than the side of beef Rocky trained on. And it's cheaper than hiring old pups as sparring partners. Besides, the Powair bag won't sag, crumple or take a dive into the tank.

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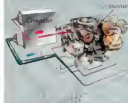


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HERE ARE SOME PRACTICES GUARANTEED TO HURT TENNIS

All of a sudden, the officials who are supposed to police the men's Grand Prix tennis circuit are giving signs of actually trying to do just that. Imposing the first penalty against a player for such an offense—and an unprecedentedly severe one for any infraction—the Men's International Professional Tennis Council, the nine-member umbrella organization that oversees the tour, announced last week that it was suspending Guillermo Vilas for one year and fining him \$20,000 for accepting appearance money to play in a tournament three months ago in Rotterdam. Although the payment of guarantees is prohibited by Grand Prix rules, the practice is known to be widespread, and the action against Vilas was clearly intended as a warning to tournament directors and players alike to cut it out.

Nor is that the only recent effort to curb the disregard for rules now rampant in tennis. The MIPTC last week also socked French Open champion Yannick Noah with a 42-day suspension for failing to show up for a World Team Cup match last month in Düsseldorf. And there has even been talk about a long-overdue crackdown against the notorious on-court misbehavior that afflicts the sport. Complaining that cursing, stalling and abuse of officials have gone too far, Hunter Delatour, the new president of the U.S. Tennis Association, has vowed, for whatever this may be worth, that such abuse won't be tolerated in events overseen by the USTA, which include the U.S. Open.

With too many tournaments vying for the services of too few big-name players, the biggest stars have plainly been able to get away with murder. As though their on-court boorishness weren't bad enough, they also tank matches, withdraw from tournaments for specious reasons and play so many meaningless exhibitions that the Grand Prix circuit is in danger of being reduced to the Petit Prix. All this in addition to the widespread payment of guarantees that can run as high as \$100,000 a tournament, a practice that Harold Solomon, president of the Association of Tennis Professionals, the men's players' union, calls "a cancer."

No sooner was the suspension of Vilas announced than the payment of appearance money was being publicly defended by Ivan Lendl. John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors. Lendl reportedly is under investigation by the MIPTC for accepting a guarantee to play in a tournament last March in Milan. John McEnroe Sr., a lawyer who serves as his son's agent, argued that acceptance of appearance money is no

more reprehensible in tennis than it is in the entertainment world. "If a person deserves it, he deserves it," he said.

But tennis, while part of the entertainment business, is also sport, at the heart of which is the imperative that participants compete on equal footing for an acknowledged reward. Secret payment of appearance money is deceitful and conceivably can diminish the incentive to win. As Arthur Ashe, the retired American star and a former member of the MIPTC, puts it, "The public should know that if somebody

misses a volley at 30-40, it's going to cost the player some dollars."

Enforcement of the no-guarantee rule is complicated by the fact that appearance money is often camouflaged as payment for other tournament-related activities, such as autograph sessions at stores. But the MIPTC has also been less than zealous in trying to enforce the rules. It apparently now wants to correct that failing, and it may have been emboldened in its determination by the decision of World Championship Tennis, the chief rival to the Grand Prix, to sharply curtail its tournament schedule, players suspended from Grand Prix

competition may thus find it harder to cushion the blow by simply switching to WCT events.

The MIPTC became aware that something was amiss with the Rotterdam tournament when, after Connors had withdrawn from the event just before its start, the promoters persuaded Vilas to replace him in negotiations that were suspiciously drawn out. Launching an investigation, the MIPTC found Rotterdam officials surprisingly forthcoming. The MIPTC said it had "irrefutable proof"—presumably either a receipt or a canceled check—of illicit payments to Vilas' agent, Ion Tiriac. Jan Leupe, co-director of the Rotterdam event, said that because the city government is involved in the promotion, tournament officials, for political reasons, had no choice but to come clean. Leupe said the payment was "something between \$40,000 and \$60,000."

Vilas' lawyer, Thomas F. Betz Jr., claimed that his client was being unfairly singled out as an "example," an argument that may well merit a reduction in his penalty. Vilas has 30 days to appeal, and Betz said he would do so. Whatever the disposition of Vilas' case, the powers-that-be in tennis can best deal with the accusation that they're picking on Vilas by making good on their vows to move forcefully against other rules infractions, too. To eliminate the abuses that are plaguing the game, more "examples" are urgently needed.



Vilas, a last-minute fill-in, met the press in Rotterdam.



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SCORECARD *continued*

JACK THE SOLICITOUS

Here's one more yarn about the late Jack Dempsey. It's told by Ted Harris, a 79-year-old Seattle man who was assistant manager of the Pantages Theater in that city in the 1920s. Dempsey was touring the vaudeville circuit, putting on boxing exhibitions in which he mercilessly battered the same sparring partner night after night. After Dempsey gave the hapless fellow the usual going-over one evening in Seattle, the two men were leaving the darkened theater via an exit that required them to pass beneath a low stairway. As Dempsey ducked, he was heard to warn his sparring partner, "Careful, don't bump your head."

JOLTING DR. JOE

Joe DiMaggio finished his illustrious baseball career long before the American League adopted the designated hitter rule, which makes the news of the ceremony on May 27 at Holy Cross College slightly disorienting. The Yankee Clipper was awarded an honorary Doctor of Humanities degree, making him Joe DiMaggio, D.H.

FEEBLE COUNTERATTACK

Under political siege because of its sorry environmental record, the Reagan Administration last week mounted a counteroffensive. On Saturday President Reagan devoted his weekly five-minute radio address to a defense of his environmental policies, under which, he said, the U.S. was becoming "more healthy and more beautiful each year," and to praise of Interior Secretary James Watt for having increased the amount of land designated as federal wilderness areas. Reagan said that Watt had been criticized unfairly for having recommended that 800,000 acres of federal land be removed from consideration as possible wilderness areas, adding, "Nobody bothered to mention that our Administration has proposed to the Congress addition of another 57 wilderness areas encompassing 2.7 million acres." Reagan also credited Watt with having improved maintenance of the national parks.

The presidential address was notable for its many errors of omission. For example, Reagan neglected to point out that if the nation has indeed become healthier and more beautiful, it is largely because of clean-air and other antipollu-

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tion laws that his Administration has sought to undermine. In defending Watt's attempted withdrawal of 800,000 acres from consideration as potential wilderness areas, he claimed the Interior Secretary had so acted because the lands in question didn't meet "wilderness standards." What Reagan didn't say was that it's a subject of current litigation whether those standards require Watt to drop the lands from consideration or merely allow him to do so. As for the 2.7 million acres Watt is willing to add to the wilderness system, the addition of those lands was already in the works before he took office, which means that he would have had trouble stopping the process had he tried. With regard to the parks, Watt has indeed improved maintenance. But he has also sought to eliminate acquisition of new parkland and to increase mining and drilling on the edge of parks. Reagan also failed to mention Watt's dubious generosity in leasing coal rights on federal lands, at the moment probably the most controversial issue involving the Interior Department.

Another element of the counteroffensive was a report issued last week by a federal interagency task force on acid rain that concludes that man-made atmospheric pollutants are "probably the major contributors" to the acid precipitation problem bedeviling northeastern North America. In view of the Administration's previous insistence that the causes of acid rain weren't fully known, that's a significant concession. Trouble is, there's nothing in the report to indicate that the White House is ready to take action anytime soon.

While conceding that sulfur and nitrogen oxides are the main components of acid rain, a fact that most responsible scientists have known for years, the 55-page report minimizes the damage to lakes caused by acid rain—it says that "only a small number" have been acidified—and ignores remedial action undertaken elsewhere in the world. In West Germany, for example, where air pollution is believed to have damaged more than one million acres of forest, the government has ordered a cutback on sulfur dioxide emissions. And the report omits other matters of significance; for instance, there's virtually no discussion of acid rain's possible effects on human health.

The report's intent appears not to be the advance of scientific understanding so much as the muting of the public out-

cry over evidence that the Administration is soft on polluters. The report promises that "recurring assessments will provide a successively refined scientific basis for decision-making as well as opportunities to reexamine research directions." That sounds like a resounding call to non-action and does little to dispel the fear that acid rain will be researched to death while the Administration sits on its hands.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Congratulations to Mackay Yaaapaawa, a Honolulu-based promoter who's involved in the operation of two of that city's biggest sports events, the Aloha Bowl (which matches two outstanding college football teams) and the Hula Bowl (a postseason college all-star football game), for winning the closest-to-the-pin golf competition at the annual meeting of the American Football Coaches Association last week in Dallas. The prize: a trip for two to Honolulu.

SHOOTING UP LIKE A BEAN SPROUT

In 1970 a Chinese high jumper named Ni Chih-Chin cleared 7' 6", unofficially eclipsing the world record of 7' 5½" held by Valeri Brumel of the Soviet Union. But because China, then an international sports outcast, didn't belong to the IAAF, the world track and field federation, Ni's record wasn't recognized.

China is now a member in good standing of the international sports community, and last week a countryman of Ni's, 20-year-old Zhu Jianhua, set a world high jump record that counts. Competing in the National Games in the Peking Workers Stadium, the 6' 4" Zhu, a flopper, cleared 7' 9½", smashing the mark of 7' 8¾" set by Gerd Wessig of East Germany at the 1980 Olympics.

The son of a Shanghai transport worker, Zhu took up high jumping at the age of 10, at about the same time that he acquired the nickname Bean Sprout because of his skinny frame. He soon came under the tutelage of a coach named Hu Hongfei, who changed Zhu from a straddle-style jumper to a flopper. In 1980, by way of motivating Zhu, Hu nailed two crossbars on a wall of the Shanghai sports center where Zhu trained. He put one of the bars at a height of 7' 6", representing Ni's decade-old mark, which was recognized as a national and Asian record, and

the other at the height of Wessig's world record. Zhu would see the bars before practice and, as he tells it, would continually ask himself, "What have you done to surpass these heights?"

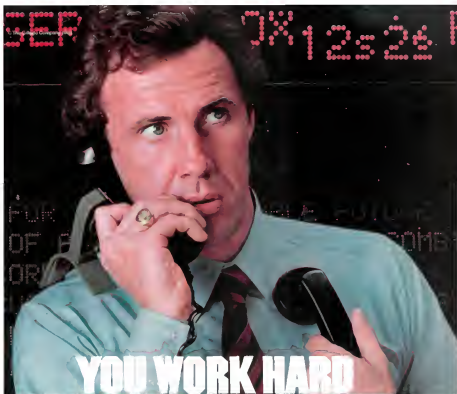
In June 1981 Zhu broke Ni's record with a 7' 6½" jump at the Asian championships in Tokyo and, after a six-month layoff because of an ankle injury, improved on that three times, culminating in a jump of 7' 7¾" at the Asian Games last December in New Delhi. Last week in Peking he barely missed at 7' 8¾", knocking the bar off with his heel after he'd seemingly cleared it with ease. The crowd groaned, but Zhu, encouraged by the near-miss, asked that the bar be placed at 7' 9½", which he cleared on his next attempt. Afterward he said he was setting his sights on 7' 10½", which he vowed to clear at "the earliest possible time." The '84 Olympics, one imagines, would be none too soon.

MAKING LINGUISTIC HISTORY

A Seattle informant calls our attention to something that Frank Howard, the new manager of the New York Mets, said the other day on the syndicated TV show *This Week In Baseball*. Speaking about players being traded, Howard offered the following: "It's nothing that I don't think you don't really feel or realize isn't going to happen." Which, our source observes, "represents one of the rare known instances of a quadruple negative in the English language."

THEY SAID IT

- Tony LaRussa, the 38-year-old manager of the Chicago White Sox: "The toughest thing for me as a young manager is that a lot of my players saw me play. They know how bad I was."
- Craig Morton, on being coaching debut with the Denver Gold, a 21-19 win over the Birmingham Stallions, when asked if the experience had been less taxing than playing in the NFL: "Are you kidding me? I have a sore throat, my knees ache and my back hurts."
- Sam Snead, on being reminded that he has won golf tournaments in six different decades: "Is that right? How long are decades nowadays?"
- Joe West, National League umpire, who has signed to appear in a movie as a National Guardsman who gets shot: "Plenty of players will like that." **END**



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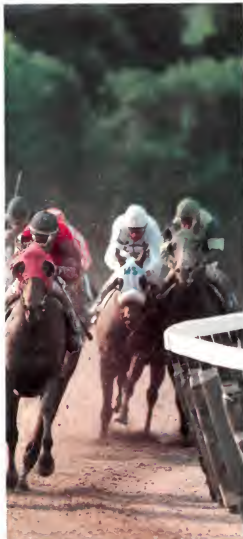
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As Caveat (right, foreground) moved up on the rail, Slew o' Gold (left) appeared to nudge Au Point, who then crowded Caveat.

It Was A Bump



A game Caveat survived a rough trip to win the 115th Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park for, among others, a man named Belmont

by **WILLIAM NACK**

Last Saturday morning, some eight hours before the 115th running of the Belmont Stakes, trainers Woody Stephens and Sidney Watters Jr. crossed bridle paths in the stable area of Belmont Park. They're old friends. For years, as two of the best and hardest-working professionals in the game, they had traded kind words and gentle barbs in their comings and goings on the Belmont backstretch. Now, for the first time, they were about to saddle horses against each other in the track's premier race. Watters was sending out the favorite, front-running Slew o' Gold, a fast, beautifully made son of the 1977 Triple Crown winner, Seattle Slew. Stephens' horse was Caveat, the second choice, an equally handsome bay whose game is to come from off the pace.

"You sleep well last night?" Stephens asked Watters, teasing.

"I needed two alarm clocks to wake me up," said the unflappable Watters by way of rejoinder.

"But in the terrible dreams you were having," Woody shot back, "I was coming after you, chasing you down! How did them dreams feel?"

As things turned out, Woodford Cefis Stephens came as close to envisioning the final moments of this Belmont as any handicapper on the grounds. Caveat made it emphatically, unequivocally his race at the turn for home. Rushing from far off the pace, he accelerated in one quick burst and

continued

And Run Belmont

charged into a perilously shrinking hole on the inside. It was a suicide squeeze, and that he survived at all was miraculous. Caveat bounced off the rail twice, like a billiard ball, and then a tiring and intimidated Au Point bumped into him, yet Caveat and Jockey Laffit Pincay Jr.

year ago, when the horse was Conquistador Cielo. "The feeling is super," said Pincay, who had spent a professional lifetime, until last year's Belmont, seeking to win a 3-year-old classic. "After all those years of trying to win one, and then I win two."

the great-grandson of August I, the 19th-century financier who won the 1869 Belmont Stakes with Fenian, and after whom Belmont Park was named by his son, August Belmont II, when August II founded the racecourse in 1905. The family has owned or bred nine Belmont

Stakes winners, most notably a chestnut colt named Man o' War, but August IV is the first Belmont to race horses on the flats since 1924, the year August II died.

"My God, I can't believe it!" said August IV, a retired investment banker. "I'd never ran in a Belmont. I've been here to give away the Belmont Cup, but never to myself. I really didn't follow the horses particularly. I was never in it until 1976." That was when Belmont bought a half interest in an unraced yearling named Quadratic from breeder Jim Ryan. In Stephens' care, the colt became a multiple stakes winner, and Belmont was quite definitely in the game.

Two years ago Belmont agreed to buy into another Ryan yearling, but when Belmont and his wife, Louise, a longtime horsewoman, visited the yearling at Ryan's Ryecliff Farm in Mount Airy, Md., she saw a son of Cannonade, out of Cold Hearted, and liked him much better. She urged her husband to buy part of him instead. Ryan owned that colt jointly with Bob Kirkham, a Long Islander in the lumber business. Ryan asked Kirkham if he wanted to let Belmont in. "What-

ever Augie wants, Augie's got," Kirkham told him. So they each now own a third.

Kirkham named the colt after he and his wife heard Alexander Haig, then the Secretary of State, give a speech on television. "He kept using the word 'caveat,'" Kirkham recalls. "We didn't know what it meant, so we looked it up." In Latin it means "let him beware," as in caveat emptor (let the buyer beware). About this time, they were naming their young horses, so Barbara Kirkham suggested Caveat for the Cannonade colt.

Caveat was handy as a 2-year-old, winning three of 11 races and \$133,432, but all his wins were on the grass. He was erratic coming to hand at three in Miami,

managed to fight their way through the strait, collaring Jockey Angel Cordero Jr. and Slew o' Gold coming into the stretch and simply running away from them—*radiós, amigos!*—through the last quarter-mile.

Caveat won by $3\frac{1}{2}$ lengths, running the $1\frac{1}{8}$ miles in 2:27 $\frac{1}{2}$. That was far off Secretariat's record 2:24 flat, set 10 years ago, but nonetheless it was racehorse time. It was, in sum, an extremely game performance by both horse and rider, and one made even more memorable by the gathering later in the winner's circle.

That was, in a sense, a happy reunion, with Stephens greeting Pincay as he approached on horseback, just as he did a

Even the horse, in a way, shared in the reunion. Caveat is a son of Cannonade, the winner of the 100th Kentucky Derby in 1974. Stephens trained Cannonade. Cannonade finished third in the Belmont Stakes that year, beaten by Little Current, but now his best son had won the race in his turn. "Ain't that sweet?" Stephens said.

And then Stephens wrapped an arm around one of Caveat's three owners, August Belmont IV, and guided him into the celebration. "Here's my man," Woody said. "We won the Belmont Stakes for the Belmonts!"

It had been a long time between Belmonts for the Belmonts. August IV, 74, is



Caveat bounced twice off the rail and twice off Au Point, but kept running and won by $3\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

running good and bad. "He was unhappy in Florida," Stephens says. He was fractious going to the races. "We'd take him to the paddock and he'd get all lathered up," says Ron McKenzie, his exercise boy. "A little uptight." It wasn't until Stephens shipped him to Hot Springs—where in the Arkansas Derby Caveat finished second to Sunny's Halo, the eventual Kentucky Derby winner—that the colt settled down to business.

And nearly in time to win the Kentucky Derby. A week after bounding off the pace to win the Derby Trial, Caveat got carried wide on the turn for home in the Derby and finished third, beaten by 2½ lengths.

Stephens skipped the Preakness to give him a breather, and he won an allowance race at Belmont by three. The colt shone like new straw. "You always have a funny feeling going a mile and a half for the first time," Stephens said. "You worry: Will he hang? Will he go on? How good is Sidney's horse [Slew o' Gold]?" Slew o' Gold had won the nine-furlong Peter Pan on May 29 by 12 lengths in 1:46½, fast time, but the Belmont track that day was as quick as it has ever been, so what did the clock really mean?

Irrepressibly, Woody continued to be Woody. He and his wife, Lucille, were walking through the clubhouse the week before the Belmont when they passed a gallery of pictures of past winners arranged in chronological order. Pointing to Conquistador Cielo's photo, Stephens said, "That'll be nice when I put Caveat's picture next to this one."

Pincay showed up in the paddock in the Belmont family's scarlet and maroon silks, the same colors though a different design from those Fenian carried in 1869. The colt had carried Ryan's silks as a 2-year-old last year, but Ryan and Kirkham decided to ask Belmont to run the colt in his silks after Belmont had undergone triple bypass surgery in February. "Auggie was down and we thought it would give him a boost," Kirkham says.

The Belmont Stakes certainly did. The



As he did last year, Pincay got to smell the carnations.

race goes 12 furlongs, but only one really mattered on Saturday. Pincay lay 11th in the early running, while Slew o' Gold raced in a perfect spot, tracking the front-running Au Point down the backstretch and around the far turn. As they hit the last bend, Pincay quickly picked up ground along the rail, cutting into Au Point's lead.

They raced for the straight. Outside and behind Au Point, Cordero glanced back to his left and saw Caveat streaking to the large hole between Au Point and the rail. Now Cordero asked his horse to run. He bounded up next to the tiring leader. "I moved up to the horse [Au Point] on the outside to make sure he

doesn't take me out," Cordero said later. As Caveat stuck his neck into the breach, Slew o' Gold reached Au Point and nudged him. Au Point, who was now staggering, ducked left, closing the hole. It seemed, for an instant, as if Cordero had decided to move the race onto the turf course. Au Point bounced off Caveat, who careered off the fence, back into Au Point, then off the fence again.

"I was already in there," Pincay said. "There was plenty of room, then it just closed. I thought, 'I blew another one!' In the Kentucky Derby, I came around and someone took me way out. This time I went inside and someone shut me off." And

then, just as quickly, it was all over. Pincay strapped Caveat lefthanded, and he shot to the lead and pulled away, obviously the best horse. Stephens later fumed, calling foul on Cordero, but Cordero pleaded innocent. The stewards reviewed the tapes, and left Slew's number in second, suggesting that Au Point was equally to blame for the contact.

By the time Caveat had cooled out, it appeared that Stephens had, too. Leaving the clubhouse with Lucille, he passed that gallery of pictures again and, with his hands, he framed the space next to Conquistador Cielo's. "Now to put another picture right beside this one is pretty sweet," he said.



Caveat's crew was in a joyous mood (from left): the Stephenses, Kirkham, Belmont.

Chicago Put A Lock On The Bandits

George Allen's Blitz thundered past Tampa Bay in a key USFL contest

by RALPH WILEY

Last Sunday's rematch between the Chicago Blitz and the Tampa Bay Bandits promised to be the best sort of game the USFL can offer. To wit:

1) Talent. It brought together the two most proficient offenses in the league. Chicago had scored 24.7 points per game, while Tampa was averaging 33.5 yards.

2) Meaning. It was one of those make-or-break games that an evangelical type like Blitz Coach George Allen plays to its emotional hilt. If the Blitz lost, they would fall two games behind the Bandits in the Central Division and be hard pressed to make the playoffs. "Anything motivational is good," said Allen.

3) Revenge. On April 2, in the only other meeting between the two teams, the Blitz had embarrassed the Bandits in Tampa, 42-3.

4) Glamour. It would be the national TV unveiling of Tampa Bay Running Back Gary Anderson, the former Arkansas star and the first NFL first-round draft choice to spurn the older league.

What all this meant was that the game had a billing impossible to live up to, and it didn't. In a rerun, Chicago muscled the Bandits aside 31-8 to reestablish itself as the USFL team with the greatest currency—in the clutch if not the till. Only 21,249 fans were witnesses at sun-washed Soldier Field.

Allen had been beside himself on the subject of money all week. He issued small stickers festooned with dollar signs

to all members of the organization. He first had the idea when he was with the Washington Redskins, back in the last millennium. Last week's stickers looked orange. Allen called them gold. "Not all of our guys knew what it means to be a pro, but this is it," Allen said. "Gary Anderson adds 35 percent to their offense. Not only do we have to control the ball, we have to score."

Bull control hadn't been a strong suit for the Blitz who, though 9-5 going into this game, lately had fallen on bad times offensively. Chicago's line had been subjected to increasing abuse as the season wore on. Allen himself had said ruefully that he could not get enough room to exploit his own excellent rookie runner, Tim Spencer. During practices, Chicago's scrub defensive linemen had been



known to whack the offensive starters about and jeer them. In games the Blitz couldn't get anything going besides passes to Wide Receiver Trumaine Johnson, and the opposition was wising up. Lately Johnson hasn't been able to go to dinner without two or three defenders following him. After a 21-15 loss two weeks ago to Boston, a top contender for the league's lone wild-card playoff spot,

Allen threatened to dismiss backup Quarterback Tom Rozantz for having the audacity to smile on the plane ride home. At 30,000 feet, Allen said, "Anybody who isn't dedicated can leave now."

Meanwhile, Spencer longed for a day on the open. He even went so far as to wish aloud for one of his old Ohio State cronies, an offensive tackle named Bill Roberts. "I'm going to talk to our coaches

about him. He's going to be a senior. He'd be the best we have," Spencer says. The Blitz's left guard spot had been a revolving door, and the Bandits came in with the No. 2 defense in the league against the run. Chicago Defensive End Junior Ah You even suggested that one of the Blitz's beefier front-office people suit up and block. Spencer had taken to wearing Johnson's No. 2 in practice and putting more feeling into his pass routes.

This paid off, as Spencer caught scoring tosses of 43 and two yards from Quarterback Tim Keogel to go with a bruising 22-yard, 83-yard rushing day. Spencer also scored on a three-yard sweep, which gave the Blitz a 21-0 lead late in the second quarter, nearly depositing Tampa Bay Defensive Back Jeff George into Luke Michigan in the process. The Blitz's maligned line performed well enough for Spencer, Kevin Long and Mack Bontner to rush for 189 of Chicago's 207 yards on the ground. The Blitz held the ball twice as long as Tampa (39:06 to 20:54), and that's all the Chicago defense has ever asked.

Jordan was finished for the day after the Blitz's Lathrop whopped him on this play.

Tampa Bay, now 10-5, had made great strides since the April 2 debacle, mainly the strides of Anderson, who had been the 20th player taken in the NFL draft, by the San Diego Chargers. Blitz Director of Pro Scouting Ed Buckley called him "another Gale Sayers" after Anderson rolled up 147 rushing yards in Tampa Bay's 45-17 demolition of Birmingham two weeks ago.

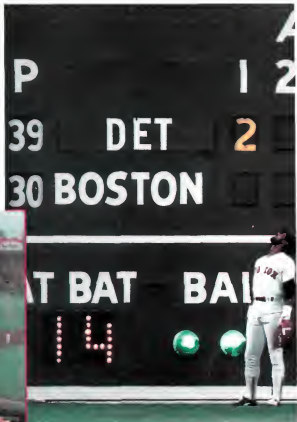
Anderson and the Bandits had no such field day against the Blitz defense, top-ranked in the USFL. Tampa Bay got only two first downs rushing all day. Tampa Bay Quarterback Jimmy Jordan, flattened by Defensive Tackle Kit Lathrop after throwing a pass, left the game for good with an injured right shoulder with 8:30 left in the first quarter. Anderson, who gained but eight yards on five carries, made a fumble that led to the Blitz's second score, on Spencer's long catch. Injury was added to insult early in the third quarter when Anderson suffered bruised ribs. But afterward he would hear nothing of moving his slight frame (6 feet, 180 pounds) to wide receiver, which is where the Chargers reportedly planned to play him.

"He is a little small," said Blitz Safety Luther Bradley, who continued to rank as one of the Bandits' leading receivers after intercepting two more passes to go with the pro record six he picked off in the clubs' first meeting. These were easy pickings, however, because after Jordan was injured, Bandit Coach Steve Spurrier was left with Mike Kelley, formerly of Georgia Tech, who showed a strong arm and vast inexperience in completing but nine of 33 passes for 155 yards.

Anderson thought things had gone a little too easily for the Blitz. "I heard they picked up one of our old defensive backs [Tim Groves, who's on the Blitz developmental squad]," Anderson said. "Maybe they learned something. All I know is, every time we ran a checkoff, they seemed to know where we were going."

Spencer, who finally had his day, seemed the most satisfied Chicagoan of all. "This game felt great," he said. "I'd rather it come against Tampa than against the [hapless] Washington Federals. You know what I mean?" Allen clapped his hands and led a cheer. He knew what Spencer meant.





The Fight Is Over The

As general partners Buddy LeRoux (left) and Haywood Sullivan battled

The dramatic week that was for the Red Sox had hothos, pathos, intrigue, justice, hostulga and a hamana republic-style attempted coup. The only thing missing was a love interest. "No, not much romance, I'm afraid," said Edward G. (Buddy) LeRoux Jr., one of the leading men in the tragicomedy.

LeRoux, former unkle-taper to the stars, mini-mogul in health care and real

estate and a jolly good fellow, is one of three general partners of the Red Sox. He headed a marvelous cast of characters, and he was either Mickey Rooney or Peter Lorre, depending on your taste. There was also Haywood Sullivan, general partner No. 2 as well as the general manager of the Sox. Sullivan, a former third-string catcher and protégé of the late Boston owner Tom Yawkey, was either Gary

Cooper or Lon Chaney Jr. The leading lady was Jean Yawkey, erstwhile fashion model, widow of Tom, the mysterious eminence in Luxury Box No. 1 and the third Sox general partner. She was either Helen Hayes or Agnes Moorehead. Also on stage were a prodigal son, lots of lawyers, lots of tycoons and almost the entire cast of *The Impossible Dream*, which was Boston's big hit in 1967.



Jim Rice looked on helplessly as a homer by Detroit's John Wocken-fuss helped defeat Boston again.



Red Sox, Not In Them

for control of their team, Boston sank in the standings **by STEVE WULF**



The real Red Sox, the ones on the field, were reduced to being extras while they were fought over in the courts, in the press lounge and in the executive offices. The players had begun the week tied for first place, but they then took a spectacular plunge to as low as fifth, extending their losing streak to seven games while falling as many as six games behind the American League East-leading Ori-

oles. They did at least settle the question of who owned the Red Sox. The Tigers and Orioles did.

The Red Sox fans, to whom the team really belongs, could either laugh or cry at the proceedings. Or they could disappear, as many did. Walk-up sales dwindled to a precious few during the week, and on Friday afternoon Ticket Director Arthur Moscato surveyed the scene in

the ticker lobby and said, "On Friday at this time the lobby is usually filled, the phones are ringing off the hooks and I wouldn't have time to talk to you. But now there's nobody here, the phones aren't ringing and I've got plenty of time to talk to you."

What follows is a brief plot synopsis: On Monday, June 6, LeRoux, who has been skirmishing with Sullivan and Yaw-

continued

key for the last couple of years, declares all-out war. He announces that, under an amendment to the ownership agreement, he's in charge and is hiring a new general manager, Dick O'Connell, who was the old general manager. He does this against the backdrop of Tony C. Night, which was supposed to be a heartwarming charity affair. Sullivan says of LeRoux's action, "It sinks," and tells LeRoux he'll see him in court. The Red Sox lose 11-6 to the Tigers.

On Tuesday afternoon, in Room 243 of the old Suffolk County Courthouse, Superior Court Civil Action No. 62138 begins and Judge Andrew Linscott hears the arguments of the plaintiffs, Sullivan, Yawkey et al. His Honor adjourns the case till the next morning, making both sides promise they'll keep their hands off the team in the meantime. The Red Sox lose 4-2 to the Tigers.

On Wednesday morning, Linscott hears arguments from the lawyers for LeRoux and Rogers Badgett, the money behind LeRoux. At 3:50 p.m., Linscott grants a preliminary injunction against LeRoux and cronies' taking over the Sox and schedules a trial on LeRoux's amendment for July 11. Sullivan holds a victory press conference at 6 p.m. The Status Quo Sox lose 6-3 to the Tigers.

On Thursday, Sullivan and the Red Sox get back to losing. Boston falls 8-2 to the Tigers, who regretfully leave town.

On Friday, the Orioles come into Fenway. The Red Sox lose 3-0. On Saturday, the Down The Tube Sox lose 10-6. Finally, on Sunday, the Red Sox pull out a

7-6 victory, to end the week tied for fourth, five games behind Baltimore.

The whole mess really started when Tom Yawkey, patriarch of the Red Sox, died in 1976. A year later, the Yawkey estate put the team up for sale and selected a combine put together by Sullivan and LeRoux, friends then, over five other bidders, including a group headed by O'Connell. The transaction was financed by Sullivan and LeRoux selling 30 shares at \$500,000 apiece for a total of \$15 million, plus \$5.5 million worth of Fenway Park and other Red Sox properties that Mrs. Yawkey provided. LeRoux, Sullivan and Mrs. Yawkey were to be the general partners. LeRoux would take care of business, Sullivan would take care of baseball, and Mrs. Yawkey would take care of tradition.

Like most bad marriages, the Red Sox partnership came apart gradually. At first there were little things, like Sullivan signing sore-shouldered free-agent Pitcher Skip Lockwood to a costly contract over LeRoux's objections. After on-field disappointments in 1978 and '79, Sullivan and Yawkey resisted the public's and LeRoux's call for Manager Don Zimmer's head. A year later, over many objections, Sullivan hired Ralph Houk, which he says is the best thing he has ever done. Matters eventually reached the point where Yawkey refused to get out of her car at Fenway Park if LeRoux was in the Red Sox office.

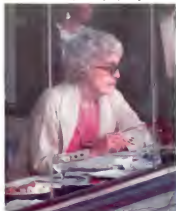
In the meantime, through LeRoux's management, parking prices were raised, ticket prices were raised, even the roof was raised. Roof box-seat holders were moved to accommodate 41 luxury boxes, which go for about \$35,000 per season. "They said Fenway Park couldn't be changed," says LeRoux, who worked his way up from being the Celtics and Red Sox trainer, "but I changed it. I like to make things happen."

He made things happen, all right. Last



Lomborg and Yaz were the class of the Class of '67.

Yawkey's no longer speaking to LeRoux.



year he attempted to buy out Sullivan. This year he tried to sell his and Badgett's 14 shares, held by two corporations called Strike One and Ball One. One prospective purchaser was David Mugar, who owns WNEV-TV in Boston. Mugar was going to bring his old friend Carl Yastrzemski into the deal. The price for the 14 shares and LeRoux's general partnership was \$19 million. But a month ago Mugar and Yaz announced they were dropping out of the bidding for now. "We knew this thing was headed for court," says Yastrzemski. "And we didn't want to be mixed up in it."

The partnership agreement clearly states that the other general partners have the right to refuse to let one general partner assign his interest. Either or both also have the right to buy out the third at fair market value as established by three

appraisers. The price that Yawkey and Sullivan offered LeRoux is less than \$13 million. The price LeRoux and Badgett want is \$19 million. That gulf of more than \$6 million indicates just how strained the relationship is.

"I say hello to Haywood all the time," says the genial LeRoux. "I say hello to everybody. And, yes, he says hello to me. To anticipate your next question, no, she doesn't."

Until last week the Red Sox hadn't let the squabbles upstairs bother them, which is a tribute to Houk, who's an excellent buffer for his players. Before the open warfare began, the fans were singing the praises of Reliever Bob Stanley, marveling at the solid play of Center-fielder Tony Armas and bidding farewell to Yaz, who will retire at the end of this season. Wade Boggs, whose batting average was as high as .390 at one point, was becoming the stuff of legend. His superstitions had become well documented, and fans started to count how many times he made the Hebrew *chai* sign in the dirt and to wonder what kind of chicken, the food he eats before virtually every game, he had for lunch.

But then came Black Monday and the palace coup. It was a day meant to honor Tony Conigliaro, the former Red Sox hero who has been hospitalized since 1982 following a heart attack. The proceeds of the game that night were to go toward Tony C's medical expenses, and his teammates from the pennant-winner of 1967 flew in from all over the country to visit him and reunite.

LeRoux staged his takeover that afternoon. Before a scheduled general partners' meeting, he informed Sullivan and John Harrington, Yawkey's representative, that he was seizing control. He'd gotten the backing of an additional two shares from Albert Curran, who had resigned as team general counsel to avoid a conflict of interest, and now held sway over 16 of the 30 limited partnership shares. He had drafted an amendment to the partnership agreement making himself "managing general partner."

One of the stranger scenes that day came at 4:30, when the department heads were addressed first by Sullivan and then LeRoux. Sullivan told them he was still in charge, and then LeRoux got up and said he was in charge. Twelve minutes later LeRoux came into the press lounge on the roof of Fenway to inform the media

continued



Rice and the rest of the drooping Sox were having trouble putting good wood on the ball.



Boggs laid an egg at third on Saturday when he missed this throw from the outfield.



that the Red Sox were his and to hand out a release on plain, not official Red Sox, stationery. Sullivan, who stood by stoically while LeRoux spoke, followed by saying what Buddy had done was invalid and ineffective. He would seek a restraining order the next day.

O'Connell, architect of the '67 team, took it all in with a smile. Retired in Belmont, Mass., he may have been relishing a little revenge. In 1977, after 31 years with the Red Sox, he had been dismissed by Jean Yawkey and the other executors of her husband's estate.

LeRoux's action spoiled Tony C Night, for which he should be ashamed. The fans should have been concentrating on recalling the glory of '67, on seeing Jim Lonborg arrive in a tuxedo which he would wear later that evening as a graduating student at the Tufts Dental School prom, on figuring out which guy was Bill Landis and which guy was Billy Rohr. "I didn't recognize some of them," said Yastrzenski, who was voted The Oldest-Looking at a danner the night before. Most of all, thoughts should have centered on Congiario. Said '67 Third Baseman Joe Foy, "I'm sure if these guys had gone into that hospital room and seen Tony, they'd have waited another day."

Down in the clubhouse, the Red Sox watched news of the front-office developments on TV with some interest. "I don't think this business will have any effect on the team," said Houk. That night, the Red Sox entered the seventh inning with a 5-4 lead and Stanley, their savior, on the mound. Yaz had driven in a key run. But, for the first time all year, Stanley got lit up and the Red Sox fell out of first. Boggs, who'd had oven-fried chicken that afternoon, went 3 for 3.

At two o'clock the next afternoon, the two sides met in court. Attorney Daniel L. Goldberg, representing the Yawkey-Sullivan interests, argued that LeRoux was trying to usurp all power, that the team was already being well managed—"They were in first place yesterday"—and that the LeRoux amendments were void and of no effect. The other side said it hadn't had enough time to prepare an answer to the complaint, and Judge Linscott adjourned the case until nine o'clock the next morning. At Fenway that night, John Tudor pitched one-hit, shut-out ball over eight innings. Unfortunately, they were the last eight. In the first inning he gave up four runs and the Red

continued

Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

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Canada Dry Tonic
Pour rum into a highball
glass with ice cubes. Add
lime. Fill glass with tonic.
Stir lightly.

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Sox lost 4-2. Boggs dined on lemon chicken and went 0 for 3.

The next morning, in Superior Court, Ball One and Strike One sent two lawyers to the plate. Bernard Dwork and James St. Clair, Richard Nixon's former attorney. When Clerk James Lynch greeted St. Clair, he said, "Uh, oh, the heavy bar." St. Clair said that his client, Badgett, was in the Red Sox to make money, that he wasn't making money, and that he had the right to see that he made money. "Mrs. Yawkey has stated to my client that she has no interest in my client's making money," said St. Clair. "This comes as a surprise to my client, who has invested \$6 million in the Red Sox." St. Clair was on pretty thin ice; Badgett has received 11.7% per annum after taxes on his investment. Besides, the original partnership agreement clearly prohibits the limited partners from interfering in the general partners' management of the club. LeRoux may have had a majority of shares, but he didn't have a majority of general partners.

At 3:55 that afternoon Linscott ruled in favor of the plaintiffs. The second paragraph of his brief decision read, "This injunction is to issue since there is a strong likelihood of success on the merits and also a strong likelihood of irreparable injury without such relief."

"Whenever you go to court, there are no victories," said Sullivan at his post-hearing press conference. No victories were forthcoming on the field, either, although before the game Stanley said, "We'll win tonight. We just didn't want to win for Buddy." Boggs had Italian chicken and went 1 for 4 as Detroit won 6-3. "The Tigers are hot, that's all," said Houk when asked about distractions.

Had LeRoux won his court case, there were all sorts of possible scenarios. Houk would have immediately resigned. LeRoux would have brought in his friend Ken Harrelson to manage. Several of the office staff would have left. But LeRoux didn't win, and he really didn't expect to. His maneuver was designed to raise the price of his and Badgett's shares while at the same time making Sullivan and Yawkey more willing to buy him out or let him sell. "My only wish is to make this team a winner," says LeRoux. "Of course, if someone walked through the door with an offer I couldn't refuse, what kind of businessman would I be if I turned it down? My one regret in this

whole thing is that I lost a good friend in Haywood Sullivan."

Calen settled over Fenway Thursday. Sportscaster Bob Lobel of WBZ-TV even got an exclusive interview with Jean Yawkey. It consisted of Lobel's putting a microphone in front of her and saying, "You seem to be very happy." She replied, "I am." Garbo speaks.

That night the Tigers completed their sweep. Not even barbecued chicken helped: Boggs went 1 for 4. The sad thing was that for the second time in four nights Yaz was almost the hero. He drove

ter by Bruce Hurst. Boggs went so far as to try pork chops. He went 0 for 3, made an error and got hit on the elbow by an errant throw from Cal Ripken Jr. before the game. On Saturday he went 1 for 5 with a RBI after sending the clubhouse boy out for a McChicken sandwich. On Sunday, though, Boggs passed up the chicken for doughnuts, went 2 for 3 and drove in the winning run by drawing a walk with the bases loaded.

Baltimore Pitcher Dennis Martinez hails from Nicaragua, so he was asked if the same things that went on in Boston



Houk tried to smooth things over by saying the squabbling wasn't hurting his team.

in two runs in the fourth to tie the score, only to have Pitcher Dennis Eckersley self-destruct the next inning.

"I honestly feel that what's been going on has had no effect on the team on the field," Sullivan said Friday. "But I know this is going to hurt attendance. Fans don't want to read any more about lawyers, especially with the troubles the Celtics are having, and the Patriots. I only hope we can bring them back with just plain baseball."

Friday night the Red Sox got three hits off Storm Davis and wasted a seven-hit-

last week go on in Nicaragua. Martinez smiled and said, "Same things."

There's no telling when peace will come to Boston. The squabbles could go on and on. Then again, maybe LeRoux and Badgett will be allowed to sell out, and maybe Yastrzemski will become the general manager, and maybe Jean Yawkey will replace Sherman Feller as the public address announcer.

But maybe the Sox did on Monday, June 6. That was the night they were supposed to honor the team that brought them back to life.



New Philadelphia Story

People who live in Philadelphia, Miss. love to sit on their front porches. To do so is sensible, because a porch is a great place to catch the breeze. It's also a place where one can get involved in the town's social life. A Philadelphian sits on his front porch and waves to and visits with the folks who drive by. Then, after a while, the people who have been sitting on their front porches get in their cars and drive around town and wave at and visit with the same people who a bit earlier had been doing the driving and waving and visiting.

Life in Philadelphia is gently lived. Remember that. People sit on front porches and take joy in the little things. The mailman stops. The school bus brings the children home. The birds chirp.

On the front porch at 274 Davis Street one recent afternoon sits Marcus Dupree, sophomore tailback at the University of Oklahoma, blowing up and then popping his bubble gum. Also on the porch are a rusty green glider, a rickety wooden chair, Dupree's fishing pole and, behind the glider, a saw. There are lots of plants, too, including elephant's-ear, mother-in-



While porch sitter, a popular Philadelphia pastime, Dupree can mull over his future.

erful legs and shoulders, his dazzling speed and shifty feet, not with his mouth.

Dupree is the odds-on favorite to win the Heisman Trophy next fall, the one phenom in a 1983 college crowd that figures to be unphenomenal. "If I rush for 2,000 yards and we win the national championship," he says of two things that might well happen, "they'll have to give me the Heisman." He's probably right, although whether he should be saying so is another matter. Despite not starting until the seventh game last year, Dupree, who is 6' 3", is listed at 240 pounds and runs a 4.4 40, rushed for 1,144 yards to become the first freshman ever to lead the Sooners in this department. He was All-Big Eight; he was the conference offensive newcomer of the year; he had nine runs of more than 48 yards, as well as 13 touchdowns. Not long ago five of the eight conference coaches said if they were choosing up sides, Dupree would be their first choice. Nebraska's Tom Osborne didn't vote because, he said, he didn't want to offend his players.

Indeed, after one glorious performance, Dupree's coach, Barry Switzer, went completely around the bend and said, "Marcus Dupree came here with E.T. He's from a different world." And there's evidence that Dupree operates at a level unfamiliar to other players. "Ever since I can remember," says his mother, Cella Dupree Connors, "Marcus has been doing things that nobody else could imagine."

Already a song has been written about Dupree, and Willie Morris is putting together a book on the recruiting of Dupree. It's all terribly exciting—and it's all threatening to turn sour.

The awful truth is that Dupree, 19, hates it at Oklahoma, and his relationship with Switzer, which was barely cordial to begin with, has seriously deteriorated.

Whether the situation can ever be improved is uncertain. "I had the impression before I went to Oklahoma from just watching Coach Switzer on TV," says Dupree, sitting on his front porch, "that he's a hard guy and that he treats his players hard. That turns out to be true. I think I'll play this year, but it could be my last. Coach Switzer says I don't practice that well. The problem is, it's not like high school when Coach [Joe] Wood made it fun. At Oklahoma, it's not fun. I don't know...."

The bespectacled Dupree—he wears contact lenses in games—stares out at the street.

"Hey, Du," someone calls from a car. Dupree waves but doesn't speak.

What has happened is that Switzer, college football's winningest active coach (98-17-3), either can't or won't understand that Dupree does come from another world, and that world is Philadelphia, Miss. "Dupree is lazy and he's not mentally tough," Switzer has been grouching of late to friends. "It has all come too easy for him. We have a team that can be pretty good this year, but right now, because of Dupree, the vibrations aren't very good." They're not. This spring Switzer had to quell an uprising of backs who didn't like all the attention Dupree was getting. Nor are they amused that Dupree doesn't practice with what they consider appropriate vigor.

The player's uncle, Curly Connors, says of Dupree and Oklahoma, "Right now, he's toughing it out. From Day 1, Switzer picked on him. I don't know why. If he doesn't think Marcus is in shape, well, it's up to the coach to get him in shape. If Marcus ain't in shape, then the coach ain't doing his job. But I'll tell you this. If you scold Marcus, he'll withdraw and he'll resent the hell out of it."

Resentful or not, Dupree tends to eat not just too much but way too much. He loves squash and hates peas, but more than anything, he looks for chances to wade into hamburgers, ribs, French fries and chicken nuggets. He comes by his

continued

Oklahoma's Marcus Dupree stewes at home over Coach Barry Switzer's slights by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

law's tongue, red princess, schefflera, palm, English vine and airplane plant. The sweet smell of magnolia blossoms fills the air.

"That you, Marcus?" says a youngster from the street.

"Yup."

"How you?"

"Good."

That's the way a typical conversation goes with Dupree, who uses one word only when he can't get by with none. He doesn't need to talk. Dupree has earned his considerable reputation with his pow-



Too fast for opponents: Dupree rushed for 1,144 yards.

MARCUS DUPREE *continued*

appetite naturally. Says Cella, a ninth- and 10th-grade English teacher at West Kemper High, "In our family, nobody eats breakfast. But after noon, the kill is on. We just sit and eat until we go to bed."

Hardly had the heated recruiting battle, during which Dupree was all but signed at one time or another by Texas, Southern Mississippi and UCLA, ended in Oklahoma's favor than Switzer said that Dupree, at 233, was at least 13 pounds overweight. The smile disappeared from Dupree's face. When he turned in a brilliant performance in his first scrimmage—six carries for 154 yards and three touchdowns—Switzer waved off the performance as "just freshman luck." Following the Fiesta Bowl, in which Dupree rushed for a record 239 yards against Arizona State—despite a sore left hamstring that prevented him from playing half the game—and was named outstanding offensive player, Switzer lambasted him for be-

Too fat for Switzer: The coach last year told Dupree to shed 13 pounds.

ing caught from behind twice and for being out of shape. Dupree, who denies Switzer's contention, says, "I don't think nothing of what he said, 'cause I know how Switzer is."

What set Switzer off most recently was Dupree's pulling his hamstring again on the first day of spring practice and sitting out all the drills thereafter. The talk around Oklahoma was that if Dupree had been in top condition, if he'd worked to rehabilitate the hamstring he'd originally hurt in the Fiesta Bowl, and if he were gutsy enough, he'd have been out there. Dupree has been plagued by hamstring pulls since he was a sophomore in high school. Says Wood, "It's like putting a 409 engine in a Volkswagen. The muscle is just too big for the bone structure."

Whatever, Switzer these days is telling friends, "If he isn't ready to play, I promise you I'll sit him down. Besides, he can't do anything unless his teammates

help, and it's still a team game, don't forget." Understandably, Dupree's teammates are hoping for the best from and for him. Says Offensive Lineman Brent Burks, "I think Marcus will be fine if he starts producing. I saw him get mad a few times last year, and it was something. I wonder if there is any way to make him mad every play?"

A possibility, of course, is that Switzer's constant criticism will do it. Still, the idea of sitting Dupree down is a terribly empty threat, and everyone knows it, especially Dupree. For the cold, hard truth is that with Dupree, Oklahoma is a formidable football team capable of making an assault on a national championship. Without Dupree the Sooners could fail to win the Big Eight for the third straight year.

Switzer's attitude is strangely negative toward a player who may be the coach's ticket back to the top after very un-Oklahoma-like seasons in 1981, when the Sooners were 7-4-1, and in '82, when they went 8-4. During one stretch, Oklahoma lost four of seven games, which prompted a blistering editorial in Oklahoma City's *Daily Oklahoman*. Among other things, the editorial said, "As a winner, Switzer was tolerable to many. As a loser, perhaps it is time for him to move on." Then in January, Ted Phillips, publisher of *The Semanole* (Okla.) *Producer*, joined the call for Switzer's head, writing that the coach "has outlived his usefulness at the university.... We lost our admiration of the present Sooner head coach over his personal code of ethics. His conduct off the football field is cause for shame for all Sooner football fans."

Switzer certainly has never ducked a good time nor met a party he didn't like. And in recent years, a lot of little things—and a few big ones—have made people close to the Oklahoma team wonder about his judgment. For instance, in March 1980 a flap erupted over Switzer's participation in a then popular—albeit illegal—pyramid scheme. Then in July 1980 he got caught soliciting business on Sooner football stationery for a new company he had formed.

For more damaging was a falling-out between Switzer and Assistant Coach Larry Lacewell. After a stormy confrontation with his

continued



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boss, Laceywell, a longtime friend of Switzer's, resigned from the Sooners staff. Other personal problems followed. Subsequently, Switzer and his wife, Kay, got a divorce. Then in 1982 came the aforementioned *Daily Oklahoman* editorial, which also said, "Switzer has never set the best of examples in his personal life for the young men on the Sooners football team."

Switzer also raised eyebrows in March 1982 when it was revealed that he'd bought about \$92,000 worth of stock, 880,000 shares, in an Edmond, Okla.

to \$97,900. Last month a federal judge ruled that Switzer and eight of the 12 other codefendants would have to stand trial. Whatever the outcome, Switzer didn't improve his public image by explaining that he picked up the tip on the stock when he inadvertently overheard a conversation while sitting in the bleachers at a track meet.

Understand that Switzer has long been the most popular man in Oklahoma. And when he wants to be charming, as when he's in pursuit of a Billy Sims or a Dupree, he can persuade wallpaper to leave

And if everything falls into place. 12-0.

Thus the picture emerges in Oklahoma of a coach who may have good-timed too much, who may have devoted too much time to lucrative outside interests and not enough to coaching and who, finally, has gotten crosswise with his star player. Should Dupree up and quit or should other things go sour with the Sooners this fall, it could very well spell big changes in Norman. Switzer senses it. That's why it was no surprise that during spring drills he no longer left practice early, as had been his wont.

Switzer finds himself in the position of needing Dupree desperately. Although the coach is normally at his best with temperamental athletes, he seems to have met his match in the young man who was brought up sitting on his front porch. Switzer knows as much. He says, "Dupree has such a big ego, but hell, why not, he's better than everybody else."

But while Switzer deserves a lot of the blame for Dupree's becoming disenchanted, Dupree, too, has had a big hand in creating the situation. He's unaccustomed to following orders; after all, nobody had ever tried to give them to him—until Switzer.

Dupree was born to then unmarried Cella Dupree in 1964, the same year that Philadelphia hit the front pages of the nation's papers when three civil rights workers were murdered there. Martin Luther King once said of Philadelphia, "This is a terrible town, the worst I've ever seen." Recently Sid Salter wrote in the *Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger/Daily News*, "For a time in the late 1960s, the world withdrew from Philadelphia and Philadelphia from the world. Both seemed to prefer it that way."

Growing up in such turmoil had little effect on Dupree, who had other difficulties because he was always bigger, stronger and faster than other kids. In Little League he was banned with one year of eligibility left because he pitched too hard. Says Leon Buxtram, director of the Westside Community Park, "He was just too good." A few years later, pitching in a league for older boys, Dupree delivered the ball so fast that, in mid-inning, the catcher stood up, took off his gear and threatened to quit rather than endure the pain of receiving any more of Dupree's hummers. Dupree settled matters by donning the catching equipment, and the erstwhile catcher pitched. No big deal. By the sixth grade, he had become

continued



Cella Connors, here catching a cool porch breeze, was downright chilly to Switzer.

drug company. That purchase increased his holdings to more than two million shares. Sooners fans wondered how a football coach could come up with that kind of money. Switzer's salary is only \$56,000 a year, but he has numerous outside sources of income. For example, by a 1973 contract arrangement with the university he receives the rights fees from delayed cablecasts of Oklahoma games.

Potentially the most serious scrape involving Switzer developed last February, when the Securities and Exchange Commission filed a suit against him and 12 others, charging them with using insider information to buy stock in an energy firm called Phoenix Resources Co. The group allegedly made about \$700,000 on the stock, with Switzer's profits coming

the wall. Therefore, while he was winning big, including two national championships after becoming the Sooners coach in 1973, Switzer could do anything he wanted to do.

In fairness, also note that, as so often happens, many of Switzer's troubles began when he started losing. Several years ago Switzer was driving down an Oklahoma highway with a companion, and talk turned to a coach in trouble after an 8-4 season. Said Switzer, who was then riding high, "People who don't think 8-4 is a good season have lost all perspective." Problem is, Oklahoma fans lost all perspective eons ago. They consider 9-3 a poor season. They routinely expect 10-2, and they believe that with one or two breaks they could go 11-1 every season.

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such a sports star in Philadelphia that then City Schools Superintendent Hal Reese summoned Marcus to his office just so he could meet the young phenom.

His grandparents, the Rev. and Mrs. Major Dupree, raised him while his mom finished going to school and later worked. Rather, Marcus raised himself because his mother and grandparents were preoccupied with caring for his brother, Reggie, now 10, who has cerebral palsy and has had nine operations. "I had an instinct for doing what's right," Marcus says. "All I ever wanted was to be great."

Dupree took a giant stride toward that goal the first time he touched a football in a game as a ninth-grader at Philadelphia High. He returned a punt 75 yards for a touchdown against Southeast Lauderdale. "I guess I'm good because I don't want to be tackled," he says. Doesn't want to be and, in an amazing number of cases, can't be. Indeed, after Dupree simply ran over a Missouri defensive back last year, Mizzou Coach Warren Powers was asked if his players were talking about Dupree. "Yeah," said Powers, "especially the one who has cleat marks all over him."

As Marcus' high school years rolled on—and 5,283 yards passed under his feet—the recruiters came to Philadelphia in droves. Former Oklahoma All-Ameri-

ca Noseguard Lucious Selmon proved the most persuasive, although what ultimately swung Dupree to Norman was the appeal of one game: a meeting next season against Hawaii—in Honolulu. "The only place Texas goes," says Dupree, "is Arkansas." But when Switzer showed up in Philadelphia to visit, Cella was in a bad mood. "I treated him a little cold," she says. "Marcus pulled me aside and asked, 'Mom, why are you being so mean?' But Coach Switzer just kept smiling and talking right on."

All the losers, naturally, say Oklahoma cheated to get Dupree. Oklahoma, naturally, denies the charge. That Dupree drives around in a 1982 Oldsmobile Toronado doesn't help matters. He says he got a \$9,000 loan while at Oklahoma to buy the car. "But people did offer me money and cars," he says.

Through the hundreds of visits by recruiters—"If a stranger shows up in this town," says Dupree's mother, "they ain't lookin' for nobody but Marcus!"—Dupree kept crashin' and dashin' through the opposition in high school games. Contrary to rumors, Wood says Dupree practiced every day, was mentally tough and a great team player, all qualities Switzer finds lacking in him now. Dupree defends himself by saying he played his junior year at Philly High with a hip pointer and most of the '83 Fiesta Bowl

with a broken finger. As further evidence of his mental toughness and determination, Dupree entered his final high school game needing five touchdowns to surpass Herschel Walker's national schoolboy record of 86 career TDs. Dupree scored five. This three-year mark was achieved, Wood says, at a cost of \$480—60 tear-away jerseys for Dupree at \$8 apiece.

"There are three kinds of backs," says Wood, "those real fast but not big, those big but not fast and then the third kind, the Marcus kind. He has an ungodly knack for finding the hole. People just can't judge how quick he can move. He'd break it down the sideline here for a touchdown and outrun everybody and people would say, 'He's loafing.' I tell you, he wasn't loafing; he was moving on. He played hurt and he took his licks."

One afternoon Dupree told Wood, "Coach, I just run the bleachers twice." Said Wood, "A winner would run 'em five times." Without a word, Dupree turned and ran the bleachers three more times. Dupree very much wanted to rush for 2,000 yards his senior year, a modest goal because he actually could have gained 4,000 or more had he not sat out huge chunks of games against outclassed opponents. He ended up with 1,955. Wood says, "I just couldn't rub it in."

Sitting in his office one spring afternoon, watching a videotape of an Okla-



Dupree helps out at the Philadelphia store owned by Uncle Curly, who evidently shares the family fondness for anything that's edible.

homa highlight film of Dupree. Wood says softly, "I wish I had him back one more time. I just love to watch that joker run. Some people like to look at art. I like to look at him. Some of our game films look like this highlight film. Marcus doesn't know how fast he can run." Later, Dupree wanders into the office, pulls up a chair and stares at himself in action on the RCA XL-100. Mostly he smiles and shakes his head. The film's narrator says, "The dream can be real when you're good enough."

Suddenly kids fill Wood's office. The word is out around Philly High that Dupree is there. The unspoken adulation sweeps over him. Asked about his celebrity status, Dupree says, "I like it when I walk in someplace and somebody asks me for an autograph. It makes me feel good. When people don't ask, I start getting worried. I want to be noticed, and I want to be good. But I'm really just a regular guy trying to get through life."

Wood finally changed from the wishbone and the wingbone to the I formation four games into Marcus' senior year to utilize his talents better. (In the wishbone and wingbone, the defensive movement determines who will get the ball; in the I, it's predetermined in the huddle.) Switzer junked the wishbone after only three games in 1982. Dupree didn't run for his first touchdown until the fifth game, but it came at an opportune moment—63 yards against Texas in a 28-22 victory. Without Dupree, the Sooners very likely would not have won, and in a dismal year, it was only the triumph over the Longhorns that kept the Oklahoma season from being completely bent out of shape. As Phillips, the *Seminole* newspaperman, wrote, "A freshman by the name of Marcus Dupree is all that saved the head coach this year."

Although Switzer sometimes likes to talk of Dupree as being "very sharp, he has a great mind," in truth neither the facts nor Dupree himself support that contention. At Philadelphia High, he graduated 55th in a class of 77 with a 2.03 average. At Oklahoma, he has a 2.23 cumulative average. Dupree himself admits he studies little. Yet, remarkably, the university named Dupree, along with basketball star Wayman Tisdale, co-winner of the Jay Myers Award, which is given annually to the freshman athlete who best combines excellence in scholarship with potential excellence in athletics. Sitting on his front porch, Dupree is candid.



A word from Wood once sent Dupree running up and down these bleachers five times.

"I don't really like school," he says. "College isn't for everybody, and I guess it's just not for me. All I want is to try to make life simple, mind my own business and try to make things fun."

It's not much fun at the moment, but maybe, Dupree thinks, things will get better. So while Switzer continues harping on Dupree's weight and want-to, Dupree says, "As long as I get across the goal line, I don't think anybody will care." And while Switzer assails Dupree's poor practice attitude, Connors points out, "What does he want, a practice player or a game player?"

Both Dupree and Connors are right and Switzer knows it, which gives Dupree the upper hand in his relationship with Switzer. For example, for the last three years Switzer's fullback was Stanley Wilson, an exceptionally talented ball carrier who much preferred to play tailback. Switzer had several heart-to-hearts with Wilson, who continued to play fullback—a.k.a. blocking back in the Sooner scheme of things. Upon arriving at Oklahoma, Dupree announced he was a tailback and would not, repeat, would not, line up at fullback. Switzer and Dupree haven't had a heart-to-heart.

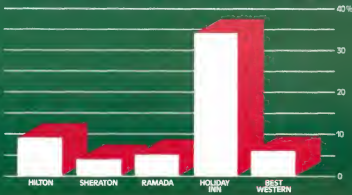
It further aggravates Switzer that be-

cause of Dupree's presence he had to junk his famed and beloved wishbone—four times in 10 years Oklahoma's version of that offense led the nation in yardage—for the I. And finally, Switzer is upset because he knows Sooner fans are thinking 12-0 this fall. Should he give them another 8-4 season, well... On the other hand, if the Sooners do go 12-0, Switzer could be excused for thinking maybe everyone will get off his back about things like insider trading, delayed cable TV rights, a few pieces of crummy stationery and his insatiable right to party as he wishes.

Back in Mississippi, Dupree promises he'll run two miles three days a week this summer, lift weights twice a week and think, from time to time, about football—and Switzer. "Sometimes it can be kind of hard getting through to Coach Switzer," says Dupree. "But I noticed when I started running those 60- and 80-yarders, it got easier."

On the front porch on Davis Street, there's a feeling that maybe things will work out. If not today, tomorrow. Or the next day. Whatever. Take it easy. Don't yell. Don't pressure. Don't threaten. Wave at the school bus. "It's real peaceful here, ain't it?" says Dupree.

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It's A Father-Son Game

No. 2 money-winner in his second Tour year, Hal Sutton intends to be first. He already is, with his dad

by IVAN MAISEL

Howard Sutton was crushed when, one day in 1971, his son, Hal, then an eighth-grader at Northwood High in Shreveport, La., came home and told him he didn't want to play football anymore. Hal preferred instead to concentrate on golf. As with most things Hal undertakes, he had a reason. "I was putting out my

very best, and we weren't winning," he says. "I wanted to play a sport where if I did what I should, I'd be rewarded for it, and if I didn't, I'd take the blame." For Howard, the switch was particularly painful. He had to give up the dream that his son would someday play linebacker for Howard's beloved Arkansas Razorbacks.

Twelve years later, Hal, who's in only his second year on the pro Tour, has won one major tournament (the 1980 U.S. Amateur) and a half-major (the 1983 Tournament Players Championship). He was the 1982 rookie of the year and, heading into this week's U.S. Open, second on the '83 money list with \$260,174.

Small wonder, then, that Howard is dreaming again. "To be very candid," he says, "I dream he can be the best."

That's best as in best-ever-to-play-the-game, and the elder Sutton's dream isn't so farfetched. Hal has already established himself as one of the finest young players around. His success can be credited in no small part to his father, a wealthy, self-made oilman of old-school values. Howard has been the dominant force in Hal's life, though the father is quick to insist that he doesn't dominate his son. "Everybody gets the impression that he's going to do what I tell him to do," says How-

continued

Hal and Howard laugh it up now, but in times past their relationship was sorely strained.



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ard. "I've got news for you. I really and truly wish he did. I wish I could take credit for some of his success."

"Dad's responsible for everything I've done," says Hal. "We're as close as two people can be." Says the father of the son, "I worship the ground he walks on." It's clear that Howard hasn't driven Hal anywhere Hal didn't want to go.

That relationship is also the source of the biggest conflict in Sutton's life. He wants to be the best golfer he can be, but he also wants to emulate his father's success in business and raising a family. Sutton has made noticeably less progress there. He bailed out of his December 1981 marriage to Kelli Crawford after less than six months because marriage was interfering with his golf game. Since the split, Sutton has won two tournaments and nearly \$470,000—more money than anyone else on the Tour. Sutton does not blame his former wife for his slow start in his rookie year, when he won about \$30,000 in five months. "It wasn't her," he insists. "It was the situation. I didn't know what I was getting into, and she certainly didn't."

Whatever the cause of his unimpressive start, Sutton's golf certainly has improved over the last year. The most spectacular manifestation of this was at the TPC in March, when Sutton won on a golf course criticized by many Tour veterans as unfair. He had rounds of 73-71-70-69 for a five-under-par total of 283, with birdies in the final round on the 16th and 17th holes, the latter an infamous 132-yard par-3 to an island green. Sutton hit his tee shot one foot from the pin and sank the putt to lock up the top prize of \$126,000, the biggest paycheck in Tour history. He not only plays the tough courses well—his penchant for straight drives and accurate iron play means he usually hits from the mowed grass—he's also a long hitter. At 6' 1" and 175 pounds he's bigger than he looks, and he has Steve Garvey-model forearms.

Sutton's postmarital life revolves around the Tour and his family—Howard, his mother, Mary, and his sisters, Debbie, 23, and Pam, 18. And in many respects, the family's life revolves around

him, and has ever since he decided to devote himself to golf. His mother and sisters often accompanied him to junior tournaments, and today Pam handles all of his travel arrangements, though occasionally Sutton flies grandly to a tournament in the 11-seat Merlin IIIB turbo-prop he owns with his father.

Howard has never been shy about pushing Hal to the very limit of his capabilities. "I did make life miserable for him," Howard says. "I really believe that



Hal blasted his way to a tie for 14th in the Memorial.

between the time Hal was 14 or 15 and 21, pretty near every day I was on the brink of alienating him forever." There was, for example, a four-ball tournament in Shreveport when Hal was 17. "He was lallygagging around, just going through the motions," Howard says. "He got to the tee on the seventh hole, a dogleg right. There were 50 people standing there. I said, 'Well, Hal, I think you've run your mouth and put on a show long enough. I think it's about time you started playing golf.' It made him so mad, you wouldn't believe it. He never said a word. He hit the ball straightaway out of bounds. He had never done that on that hole because he had never hit it that far

He made a bogey. Then through the last 11 holes he shot seven under."

"Some of my closest friends used to tell me, 'Hey, you're just too tough.' Well, if Hal was made out of the same thing I was, then I didn't think so, simply because my daddy done me the same way. I played five years of basketball at a little of 'bitty school in Blevins, Arkansas, and I'm telling you right now that if I got home at 10 p.m., it would be 1:30 before we went to bed. My daddy would want to

talk basketball with me and argue about the way I'd played. And my daddy never played basketball in his life." At the time of the Western Amateur in 1979, Howard and Hal weren't speaking. After the final match, Hal called home. "Well, I won the tournament," he said. "I guess we're talking now." Replied Howard, "We'll talk some."

After a high school career during which Hal won the 1974 Louisiana junior title, he turned down scholarship offers from powers such as Houston and Oral Roberts to live under his father's roof—and influence—and play for Centenary, which, besides being the smallest Division I school in the country, was on NCAA probation during Sutton's first two years for academic violations involving basketball Center Robert Parish, now with the Boston Celtics. In four years, Sutton won 16 collegiate tournaments, and in his only NCAA tournament appearance, the probation and the 1979 Walker Cup having taken care of his first three chances, lost the final to Utah State's Jay Don Blake on the 4th hole of a playoff.

It was just about his last unsuccessful moment in 1980. That spring Sutton decided he would play only five amateur tournaments: the North and South, the Northeastern, the Southern, the Western and the National. "I just set winning those five as a goal," Sutton says. "I thought that was probably a little out of reach, which it was." But just barely. He won all but the Southern, and three of his victories were stunner: Sutton was the first repeat champion in the Western in 28 years. He won the final of the North and South 12 and 10 and of the National 9 and 8. But after he led the U.S. team to

continued

a 27-stroke victory in the World Amateur in October—and won the individual title by six strokes. Sutton's attention began to wander. He hardly touched a club until after Christmas. "I wanted to live a normal life," he says. "I was trying to learn the oil business, and I was resting on my laurels." There were no challenges left in the amateur world, he felt, and those golfers better than he were playing the Tour. But Sutton didn't want to join the Tour as a pro. He hoped to play selected tournaments, including the majors, while becoming an accomplished businessman.

attendant and former Miss Harris County (Texas), whom he had met at the Champions Cup tournament in Houston in 1980. "I would be willing to bet that it was the first golf tournament she'd ever been to," he says. Sutton married for two reasons. "I guess I wanted to prove I could make my own decision where that was concerned," he says. He also wed for love—of golf. According to Sutton's career plan, marriage was something you took care of somewhere between Tour School and Endorsements. "I thought maybe the best way to be on the Tour

everything would have worked out better," Sutton says. Through it all, Howard didn't say a word. "He never would," says Hal. "He's scared of women."

Two weeks after the separation, Sutton cashed the biggest check of his career, \$10,400 for a ninth-place tie at Memphis. In successive weeks later in the summer, he finished third at the Anheuser-Busch Classic and second in the Canadian Open. In the Disney, the final tournament of the year, Sutton beat Bill Britton on the 4th hole of a playoff for his first win. His goals for '82—to break Jerry Pate's 1976 rookie earnings record of \$153,102 (Sutton won \$237,434), to finish in the top 30 in money (he was 11th) and to win a tournament—were fulfilled. Goals for '83 are to finish in the top five in earnings and to win a major.

Though he finds himself more comfortable every week, the differences between the Tour and what he sees as a normal life still grind at him. "Byron Nelson worked with me for a while in 1980 and 1981," Sutton says. "I asked him once, 'Mr. Nelson, what was your Number 1 goal in life? What made you get up in the morning? What made you go to bed at night?' He said, 'I'll tell you, Hal, the Number 1 goal in life was for me to be the best man I could be. That entails being the best golfer I can be, the best husband I can be and the best businessman I can be.' That's weighing on me right now. I want to be the very best I can possibly be. If I didn't have that goal in mind, I wouldn't play the Tour, because I don't think it's the ideal way of life."

This May, one year after deciding marriage was not for him, Sutton was sitting in a motel room in Dublin, Ohio, during the Memorial, where he tied for 14th. The lights were off, and twilight filtered through the curtains. "Take a look around this room," he said, leaning back in a chair in the corner. "Hilton didn't outdo itself in here. It's got a basic cold feeling about it. I'll go do a speech tonight and say whatever I'm going to say, and I'll come back here and hope some of the NBA playoff game will be on TV and watch the news. Hopefully I'll be tired and I'll fall asleep." Sutton indicated that he would not mind meeting that someone special—again. "I hope that she's right around the corner, whoever she is. If I'd been a loner all my life, maybe loneliness wouldn't be so hard to deal with." That's one thing even his father couldn't prepare him for—it's lonely at the top. **1980**



Hal and Howard own a Merlin IIB turboprop, though they'd be flying as high without it.

In the Suttons' vision, Hal would become a modern Bobby Jones, winning the U.S. Open as an amateur.

But Sutton failed to win a tournament in 1981. Two days after his defense of the U.S. Amateur title had ended in a first-round loss to Jodie Mudd, Sutton sent in his application to the Fall Tour Qualifying School in Huntsville, Texas. "I just told Dad, 'I'm not going through this agency anymore. I mean, at one time I was a good player, and everybody expects me to be that, and I'm not going out and embarrass myself in front of all those people. I'm getting in or getting out, one of the two.'" He got in, finishing in a tie for 17th at the school, good enough to earn his Tour card.

Soon after, he married Kelli, a flight

attendant and former Miss Harris County (Texas), whom he had met at the Champions Cup tournament in Houston in 1980. "I would be willing to bet that it was the first golf tournament she'd ever been to," he says. Sutton married for two reasons. "I guess I wanted to prove I could make my own decision where that was concerned," he says. He also wed for love—of golf. According to Sutton's career plan, marriage was something you took care of somewhere between Tour School and Endorsements. "I thought maybe the best way to be on the Tour

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National Car Rental

by Jim Kaplan

For a guy who was washed up and all but thrown out of the National League, Randy Moffitt is getting on exceptionally well in baseball these days. Now a reliever for the Toronto Blue Jays, Moffitt is a walking cliché of happiness, being both back from the grave and on top of the world: Three years after he was found to be suffering from a rare and frequently fatal intestinal parasite, Moffitt has fully recovered and become one of the ablest relief pitchers in the game. In 18 appearances covering 22½ innings through last Sunday, he'd run up a 3-0 record, with six saves and a 1.59 earned run average. He's also one important rea-

son why the Blue Jays, who tied for sixth in the American League East last season, were in third place with a 31-26 record at week's end.

The 6' 3", 195-pound Moffitt is a sinker-slider pitcher who keeps the ball down, moves it around and induces grounders; only 20 of the first 68 batters he faced this season hit the ball out of the infield. But if his repertoire is predictable, his style is deceptive. Moffitt's body lurches to the right as if he's going side-arm, but then, as the right-handed batter begins bailing out, Moffitt throws from a three-quarter overhand position.

How much Moffitt impresses people

actually what they're doing." Plainly, Moffitt agrees with the expression, "There's something about the outside of a horse that's good for the inside of a man."

But in 1979, while in his eighth season with the Giants, Moffitt was nearly thrown for good. He contracted cryptosporidia enteritis, caused by a parasite usually found in the gastrointestinal tracts of horses and other animals. According to Richard R. Bobb, the gastroenterologist at the Palo Alto (Calif.) Medical Clinic who diagnosed Moffitt's condition, only 14 humans were known to have had the parasite. And, of the eight cases where information was available to Bobb, five patients died.

The difficulty wasn't ridding Moffitt of the parasite but recognizing it. "By the end of the 1979 season, I was always nauseated," he says. "I lost about 25 pounds, and I threw up so often that I didn't want to wake up in the morning."

"I was pregnant with our second child at the time," says Moffitt's wife, Pam, "but he acted more pregnant than I did. He'd lie in bed and moan, holding his stomach like a woman in labor." By the time Moffitt got to the park and completed his warmups, he was exhausted. He changed his pitching motion to compensate, and the results were predictably discouraging. Moffitt kept up a game facade at the park, but not at home. "It got so that he even lost interest in baseball," says Pam. "I told him, 'It's only because you're sick. When you become healthy, you'll find you miss it.'"

"I'd go to the hospital and take dozens of tests—blood tests, barium, fluoroscope," says Moffitt. "There was one where one end of a string was attached to my face with tape and the other end was attached to a pill—and then I had to swallow the pill. I had to sleep with the string in my throat. The next day they pulled it out and squeezed the juices onto a slide at various stages." When the tests showed nothing positive, doctors told Moffitt the problem was mental, giving him, he admits, "some negative thoughts about the medical profession."

The breakthrough came early in the 1980 season, when Moffitt passed blood

continued

A new life in a new league

Toronto Reliever Randy Moffitt is healthy, so now the hitters are hurting



Moffitt keeps the Jays' opposition blue.

apparently depends on whether they've had to stand in against him. "He throws weak crap," Texas Manager Doug Rader said after Moffitt recorded a win and a save against the Rangers. "I don't see how he gets anybody out." But Rader's third baseman, Buddy Bell, whom Moffitt did get out, said, "He's a lot tougher when you get up there. That off-speed slider is a tough pitch to throw because a lot of people hang it. He doesn't."

"I've never started a season feeling this good and throwing this well," says Moffitt. Enhancing his effectiveness is the fact that American League hitters have never before seen Moffitt, a former Giant and Astro. After the Astros released him, the Blue Jays were the only team to pick him in the reentry draft.

The 34-year-old Moffitt, whose sister is Billie Jean King, carries his fishing poles on the road, the better to lead morning safaris to preferred spots. Also, he has an intense interest in horses.

"I go to the track in the morning and usually leave before the races," says Moffitt, who has worked on the backstretch of Bay Meadows track near San Francisco and has a groom's license. "I'm in awe of the strength and intelligence of horses. I had one throw me five feet in the air at a time when I weighed 230. They do a lot of things just to bug you. They know ex-

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in his stool on a plane trip. Confronted with the first hard evidence of sickness, doctors performed a colonoscopy—a procedure in which a tube is run through the lower intestines. The doctors discovered a bleeding ulcer and took a biopsy from the area that revealed the microscopic parasite that attaches itself to the lining of the intestines and causes the symptoms that Moffitt had.

"Randy's parasite is usually seen in people who have been very sick for a long time," says Babh. "It was very rare to find it in a person as healthy as he had been. It's reasonable to assume he caught it from a horse—although nobody knows how. Since there has never been a successful treatment, all we could do was wait to see what would happen."

Moffitt took the news with decidedly mixed feelings. "At first I felt a lot better, because they told me I had a fungus," he says. "That sounds a lot better than cancer. I wasn't so happy when the doctors told Pam it could be two years before I was normal. But baseball was the furthest thing from my mind. I just wanted to live a healthy life, to see my kids grow and to spend time with my wife."

That was the healthiest attitude he could take. During the next year as the parasite disappeared, so, too, did Moffitt's pitching career. One of San Francisco's most successful relievers, with 408 appearances and 81 saves from 1972 to '78, he had a 3-6 record with two saves from the time he got sick in 1979 until the Giants released him on Aug. 4, 1981. By the spring of 1982, however, Moffitt felt 90% normal and caught on with the Astros' Tucson farm club. He finished the year with the big club, pitching well enough, with a 2-4 record, 3.02 ERA and three saves in 30 outings, that Toronto Senior Scouting Supervisor Al LaMacchia concluded that Moffitt's old Giant form was back. Providentially, the Astros were going with youth and recommended that Moffitt try the reentry draft, and the Blue Jays had just traded their stopper, Dale Murray, to the Yankees. After getting some useful tips from Toronto Pitching Coach Al Widmar that helped him regain proper pitching mechanics, Moffitt performed well in spring training, and Toronto signed him to a one-year contract on Opening Day.

"I don't think he was 100% recovered until this February," says Pam. "It's nice having him back. This is the first I met 10 years ago." And the pitcher, too.

INSIDE PITCH

by HERM WEISKOPF

When this season ends, so will his playing days, Third Baseman Johnny Bench, 35, of the Reds announced last week. "I want to be remembered as the greatest catcher who ever played," said Bench, who hasn't caught regularly since 1980. "I wanted that when I was 19 years old."

"Thank you all very much for that reception," said Phillies' Pitcher Steve Carlton after getting a warm round of applause on receiving the Wansmaker Award as the city's outstanding athlete of 1982. In breaking his usual public silence, Carlton, who also won the honor in 1972, added, "I'd like to thank the people at Wansmaker's and the selection committee for this award, for receiving it a second time. Hopefully, 10 years from now, I'll be back for a third time. That's in my immediate plan. Anyway, I would like to turn this check that you gave me over to Jack Kelly of the Olympic Committee. Thank you all for coming out once again. Good day."

Bench certainly has the credentials: He was the National League Rookie of the Year in 1968 and its MVP in 1970 and '72; he won 10 straight Gold Gloves and has hit 383 homers—a record 324 of them as a catcher. Bench's 1983 batting average of .271 through Sunday was three points higher than his 15-year career figure.

"I decided about three weeks ago, even though I was hitting .329 and the ball club had shown signs of progress, that it wasn't as much fun," said Bench. He felt he could no longer play the game "to the degree that I expect of myself and that a lot of people expect of me. Knowing I wasn't the Johnny Bench of the past in a lot of respects, I felt this was the time to finish up." Before he leaves, though, Bench says he'll take his familiar position behind the plate at least one more time.

Montreal's Bryan Little may be the only big-leaguer ever to stand on both sides of the plate in one at bat and not finish up the plate appearance. After San Francis-

co righthander Fred Breining threw two balls to Little, Giants left-hander Gary Lavelle was brought in. Little switched to batting righthanded, fouled off two sacrifice bunt tries and was replaced by Pinch Hitter Jim Wohlford, who flied out.

After 3,256 at bats in the big leagues, the Yankees' Steve Kemp was pulled for a pinch hitter last week. With the score 5-5 and one out and two on in the ninth against Cleveland lefty Neal Heaton, Manager Billy Martin sent up righthand-hitting Lou Piniella, who drove in the game-winning run.

"It was an awkward feeling," said Kemp, who has struggled at the plate since severely bruising his right shoulder in an outfield collision the first Saturday of the season. Kemp was hitting .244 when Piniella batted for him.

"You know, after I had established myself and after I had faced so many lefties in my career doing it, I thought there was a chance that I could do something that a whole lot of players don't do. I thought I could go through my career without being pinch-hit for. But with the Yankees having so much talent, it really helped soften the situation. Obviously, Billy did the right thing."

By homering and singling during his 11-5 win over the Braves last week, Dodger Pitcher Fernando Valenzuela stretched his hitting streak to six games and raised his average to .289.... Twice recently Dodger Manager Tommy Lasorda has had to notify players that their father had died. On June 6 the sad news was for Shortstop Bill Russell, three days later for brothers Steve and Dave Sax.... After being thrown out of a big league game for the first time, Mariner Manager Rene Lachemann apologized thrice to umpires Steve Palermo and

RARE BEEF

White Sox rookie Ron Kittle, who had slammed 13 home runs through Sunday, was hit twice by Angel pitchers last week. So it seemed to be a clear case of retaliation when Chicago pitchers sent California's Ron Jackson and Doug DeCinces sprawling to the dirt to avoid being hit. Said Chicago Manager Tony LaRussa, "I'm not going to watch him become a sitting duck for American League pitchers. We were just trying to pitch them about like they're pitching us."

DOES IT PAY TO START LIFE OVER?



It seems hardly a month goes by that someone doesn't introduce a "new" kind of life insurance policy or an "improved" version of an old one.

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With all the facts, you'll be better able to make an informed, sound decision.



**NEW
YORK
LIFE**

**"ASK
ME."**

Dave Phillips and said they were the two best umpires in the American League. Lachemann has a special appreciation for ump, having worked as an attendant in the umpires' dressing room at Dodger Stadium as a kid. . . . The Expos, who allowed 78 unearned runs last season—an average of almost one every other game—have improved their defense so much that at week's end they had given up only 15 in 55 games this year. That's by far the best such figure in both leagues. . . . After Ryne Sandberg of the Cubs began using teammate Larry Bowa's bats, which are half an inch shorter and half an ounce lighter than his own, he promptly hit in 13 of 15 games and drove in 11 runs.

Toronto Reliever Stan Clarke's major league debut was a clunker. On the left-hander's very first pitch, Rickey Henderson of the A's stole second. On his fourth delivery Clarke balked. On his fifth, Henderson streaked for home as Mike Davis laid down a bunt. Clarke slipped as he came off the mound toward the ball, bobbed it and lost his cap. Henderson scored, but at least Clarke threw out Davis. Then, after loading the bases on two walks and a single, Clarke was yanked.

The trade of Centerfielder Gorman Thomas to Cleveland by defending American League champion Milwaukee last week was highly unpopular with Brewer fans. On the day of the deal—Thomas and pitchers Jamie Easterly and Ernie Camacho were sent to the Indians for Centerfielder Rick Manning and Pitcher Rick Waits—the Brewer switch-

BALL PARK FIGURES

Fernando Valenzuela of the Dodgers has pitched shutouts in 21.3% of his career starts—16 of 75—a record-setting pace. Here's a list of the all-time top 10 for those with 50 or more shutouts:

	STARTS	SHUTOUTS	%
1. Mordecai Brown	332	63	18.9
2. Ed Walsh	315	58	18.4
3. Walter Johnson	666	113	17.0
4. Grover Alexander	598	90	15.1
5. Christy Mathewson	551	83	15.1
6. Rube Waddell	340	50	14.7
7. Eddie Plank	528	70	13.3
8. Bob Gibson	482	56	11.6
9. Juan Marichal	457	52	11.4
10. Nolan Ryan	459	51	11.1

board logged 1,620 calls. About 80% of the callers complained about the swap. Thomas, a two-time American League home run champ, had become almost a folk hero during his six seasons there.

"This year, to make a change, they decided to do it with players," said Brewer Third Baseman Paul Molitor, attempting to put the trade into perspective. "Last year it was Buck Rodgers and Harvey Kuenn [the former was replaced by the latter as manager in June]. Harry [Brewer General Manager Harry Dalton] is trying to get something shook up on this ball club, just trying to change the complexion of the team [which was in sixth place, 5½ games out of first, in the American League East at week's end]. This gives us a little different chemistry. The old one was getting a little stale. It's hard to stay at the top if you stand put. Something like this could make all the difference in the world."

Here's American League Umpire Ken Kaiser's list of today's most polite players, in no particular order: Rod Carew and Tommy John of the Angels, Cal Ripken of the Orioles, Butch Wynegar of the Yankees and George Brett of the Royals.

Angel Executive VP Buzzie Bavasi, 68, had a shouting match with Reliever Luis Sanchez, 29, in the Angels' clubhouse last week. It all began when Bavasi angrily confronted Sanchez about a damaging hit he gave up on an 0-2 pitch. "He cursed at me," said Bavasi. "He's got the best arm on the team, but we've been babying him too long. . . ." California's Rick Burleson, perhaps the most outstanding all-around shortstop in the

American League before he tore his right rotator cuff 14 months ago, has started what he hopes will be the last phase of his recovery. Burleson began a 20-day rehabilitation program at the Angel farm club in Edmonton last week by fielding flawlessly in three games and going 2 for 8 at the plate through Sunday.

Milwaukee righthander Pete Vuckovich, whose career was feared to have been ended by a torn rotator cuff, has had some of his botting-practice pitches clocked at 80 mph. . . . George Brett of the Royals is out at least five days with a broken toe, his 19th disabling injury or illness since 1977. . . . St. Louis Outfielder Lonnie Smith was batting .311 last week when he became the latest in a procession of big-leaguers to admit to drug problems; he entered a three-week therapy program.

Met Reliever Jesse Orosco, who pitched two shutout innings in Chicago last week, is no mere flash in the pan. In 51 appearances since last July 21, the 26-year-old lefty has pitched 94 innings, yielded 69 hits, walked 22, struck out 68, won seven games, saved eight others and had a 1.65 ERA. . . . The Mets' Dave Kingman, who beat the Expos 4-2 with a two-run homer in the 17th inning last week, has gotten all but five of his 22 RBIs with his 11 home runs.

Among the 918 high school and college players drafted by major league clubs last week were two sons each of two former big league pitchers, Tony Cloninger and Camilo Pascual. Pitcher Darrin Cloninger was drafted by San Diego, and his brother Michael, also a pitcher, by Min-

WHO'S KING OF THE Ks?

Houston's Nolan Ryan, who passed Walter Johnson as baseball's career strikeout leader on April 27, isn't dedicating as King of the Ks without a fight. Philadelphia's Steve Carlton passed Ryan on June 7 by striking out five Cardinals, and he increased his lead to 11 in a Saturday win over Pittsburgh. But on Sunday, in only his second start after coming off the disabled list, Ryan mowed down 11 Padres to tie Carlton with 3,535 Ks. Ryan's five-hit, 4-0 shutout was all the more impressive because it marked the first time he had ever pitched a complete game without walking anyone. Over to you, Steve.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LOU WHITAKER: The Tiger second baseman was 17 for 35, scored nine runs and drove in six with two game-winning RBIs. Among his hits were four doubles, three triples and two homers.

nesota. Outfielder Adalberto Pascual was chosen by Baltimore, and his brother Camilo, a pitcher, by Oakland. The Yankees, who had coveted Stanford Quarterback John Elway before he chose pro football, took another signal-caller during the draft. He's Turner Gill, the Nebraska quarterback in the fall and shortstop in the spring.



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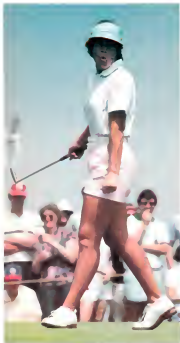


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Sheehan's subpar run ran out on the 16th.

Former snow bunny and reluctant star Patty Sheehan borrowed a page from pro football Coach Bum Phillips' playbook Sunday. She stopped knocking on the door marked Opportunity and kicked the darn thing down with a barrage of birdies in the final round of the LPGA in Kings Island, Ohio. Sheehan is a gambling player. What do you expect from someone raised amid the soft green felt of Nevada? And her victory in the LPGA was the first major title in a career that looks like it just might take right off and fill the record books.

"She's the greatest player in women's golf," gushed her agent and attorney,

Margaret Leonard, after her daredevil-may-care client had birdied five straight holes on the back nine on Sunday to wrest the lead from Sandra Haynie, whose normally controlled, placid game had gone haywire, leaving her ankle-deep in sand, rough and other grief. "I was heading the wrong direction," Haynie, a mellow lady gone to nerves, moaned after it was all over. A 40-year-old veteran, Haynie had cruised 45 holes without a bogey on the way to a four-stroke lead after three days, but she three-putted the first two on Sunday, never got her timing back and played a collapsing round of 75, a blowup totally out of character.

Meanwhile, after starting the day seven back, Sheehan was sailing to a 66, a two-stroke win and the \$30,000 first prize, which put her first on this year's LPGA money list with \$119,092. Her total of 279 was nine under par. "Patty's in for a wonderful career," Haynie said graciously. "She has the kind of golf swing that will hold up for a long time."

Blessed with a deft iron game, Sheehan indeed seems sure to become one of the LPGA's bigger stars—and soon. Two weeks ago she won the Corning Classic with a final round of 63. Said Leonard on Sunday, "The first time I saw her, in 1978, I said, 'There's my champion.' She hits the ball so pure that it's frightening

by Barry McDermott

ager, and later won four straight Nevada and two California state women's titles. She played on the 1980 U.S. Curtis Cup team winning all four of her matches, and then turned pro in July of that year. In '81 Sheehan was Rookie of the Year, with earnings of \$118,463, and had her first tour victory. She followed that up with \$225,022 in winnings—good for fourth on the money list—and three victories last year.

Tom Kite, the top money-winner of 1981, once asked Sheehan what she thought about technically when she played. She gave him the answer of an innocent who has never had a lesson. "I just play," she said.

On Sunday, hard by the roar of the roller coaster in the nearby amusement park and among the telephone poles and the light towers that pepper the Grizzly course at the Jack Nicklaus Sports Center, Sheehan went crazy in a game that can make you that way. Things started off innocuously: a 10-foot birdie putt on No. 3, followed by a three-putt bogey on the next hole. But then she got rolling, making a 20-footer on the 7th and two-putting from 40 feet for a bird on the par-5 9th.

Sheehan's second and final bogey in-

Patty really takes the cake

Rising star Patty Sheehan iced the LPGA title with a run of five birdies

The only thing that has held her back is that she's one of those golfers who has to feel bad before she can make birdies. I think we've got her convinced that she can smile and play great."

"I've got to get my gander up," said Sheehan, and then struggled to explain. "That's a goose, isn't it? They get mad. That's what I need, something to get me going."

Sheehan, 26, was born in Middlebury, Vt., and raised in Reno, where her father, Bobo, the 1956 U.S. Olympic ski coach, owned a ski shop. She came off the slopes and immersed herself in golf as a teen-

terranted the hot stuff when she missed the green at the 10th hole. Then came the five in a row: putts of five, three, 18, five and 12 feet for birdies. On the 16th, the toughest par-3 on the women's tour, Sheehan, in character, sailed a 5-iron shot over the water and right at the pin, 180 yards away. Her putt from 20 feet barely slid by, which stopped the river of red on the leader board. "I really thought I could make it," she said later. "I thought I could birdie 'em all. I'm a gutsy player. I like to charge."

Sheehan saved par with a fine chip at the 17th and then played cautiously on

continued



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the par-5 last hole, making par. Haynie's last chance ended when her drive took an unfortunate bounce into the rough on the 18th, preventing her from going for the green and a possible eagle. She walked off the course as if she were lugging 100 pounds of disgust on her shoulders. "It was just one of those days," she said. "Patty turned it on and took off."

This was a tournament that followed the same sort of route as The Beast, the noisy coaster attraction at the park a few hundred yards away. For the first two days the unlikely name of Alexandra Reinhardt was on top of the leader board. After rounds of 67 and 68, she had the lowest 36-hole total in the 29-year history of the tournament. Reinhardt hasn't won in nine years on the tour, and as she took a lead of four shots, she sounded more hopeful than confident. She talked of having the nerve to "trust" her swing and explained that her goofy-looking hat with the oversized bill was to protect her lower lip from sunburn.

Reinhardt's hot streak was more than unexpected, seeing as she'd began the year by missing six straight cuts. One writer, trying to slice through her anonymity, asked her "Didn't you used to be a lot heavier?"

"No," answered Reinhardt. "Actually, I'm a little overweight now."

"Well," stammered the writer, "Didn't you used to hit the ball a lot farther?"

"No, I've always been about average."

"I know," concluded the reporter, aghast at his ignorance, "you're really Chinese."

"Right," answered Reinhardt. "I've had my eyes done. Want the name of my doctor?"

Haynie rolled into the lead like a gentle wave on Saturday, an afternoon on which Reinhardt came back to earth with a 75. Haynie has been on the tour for 23 years, and because she's shy, retiring and slow-moving, she seems almost feline as she pads softly around the course. Her swing is so smooth it could put you to sleep. She's known on the tour as The Divine Miss X, because she's so skilled and so unobtrusive that while she has played her way into the Hall of Fame and set a bunch of records, she has hardly been noticed.

Her third-round 67, fashioned on five birdies and 23 putts, set her up for a good crack at her fifth major championship, which would have given her the lead among active players.



Haynie had gone 45 holes without a bogey, but on Sunday she was in trouble all the way.

It was somewhat surprising that she was around at all, since she quit golf in 1977 when the pressure got to her. She would have attacks of "morning sickness" when in the lead. Haynie came back to the Tour in 1981 and since then has won three tournaments and \$401,585—almost as much money as in her previous 20 years on the circuit. Asked the difference between now and then, she said, "I don't throw up."

No one expected Haynie to fall apart. "She'll be tough to catch because she hits the ball so straight," JoAnne Carner had said Saturday.

"I'm glad they feel that way," Haynie responded.

Then she went to the practice tee to do a little homework. For the first three days her normally arrowlike iron shots had been drifting slightly off line. "You're going to have to do better tomorrow," she said to herself.

She didn't, and Sheehan did, playing like a woman on a crusade. She had come to the LPGA on a hot streak: six straight finishes in the Top Ten and a second in Japan this spring. And she also had a score to settle. Two years ago she was humbled at Kings Island, missing the cut for the only time in her career. And last year she blew a nice check and destroyed



Reinhardt led two days before returning to form.

an eight-birdie final round when she was disqualified for taking an incorrect drop on the 16th hole. "I wanted revenge," she said. Sheehan got it—in spades.

Sheehan began the year with one goal, to win a major. "Now I'm going to have to get new goals," she said, sounding like someone who can knock 'em down as quickly as she sets 'em up. **END**



BEYOND THE POINT OF



NO RETURN

When he signed Jackie Robinson in 1945 and set him on the path to Ebbets Field, Branch Rickey had changed the game forever

by Jules Tygiel

NO RETURN

continued



During the 1920s, '30s and '40s the opening day of the baseball season was a festive occasion in Jersey City, on the banks of the Passaic River in New Jersey. Each year Mayor Frank Hague closed the schools and municipal offices and required all city employees to purchase tickets, guaranteeing a sellout—and then some—at 25,000-seat Roosevelt

Stadium for the hometown Giants of the International League.

On April 18, 1946 the air crackled with a special electricity. That day marked the start of the first minor league baseball season since the end of the war. But this didn't fully account for the added tension and excitement. Nor could it explain why people from nearby New

York City had arrived via the Hudson tubes for the event. Others had come from Philadelphia, Baltimore and beyond. Most striking was the large number of blacks in the crowd, many undoubtedly attending a minor league game for the first time. The focus of their attention was a handsome, broad-shouldered athlete in the uniform of the visiting Mon-



"There is no rule . . . against the hiring of Negro players," insisted Commissioner Landis (seated) in 1942. But for all his help, there may as well have been, as the owners took his negative lead.

Wendell Smith, the black sportswriter for *The Pittsburgh Courier* who had recommended Robinson to Brooklyn Dodgers President Branch Rickey, reported, "And everyone sensed the significance of the occasion as Robinson . . . marched with the Montreal team to deep centerfield for the raising of the Stars and Stripes and the (playing of the) Star-Spangled Banner . . . We sang lustily and freely, for this was a great day." Robinson participated in the ceremonies "with a lump in my throat, and my heart beating rapidly, my stomach feeling as if it were full of feverish fireflies with claws on their feet."

Six months had passed since Rickey had surprised the nation by signing Robinson to play for the Dodgers' top farm club. It had been a period of intense speculation about the wisdom of Rickey's action. Many observers predicted that the effort to integrate baseball would prove abortive, would be undermined by opposition from players and fans or by Robinson's own inadequacies as a player. Renowned as a four sport star at UCLA, Robinson had played only one season in professional baseball, with the Kansas City Monarchs of the Negro American League. Upon Robinson's husky, inexperienced shoulders rested the fate of the game's desegregation.

And the 27-year-old Robinson's performance in spring training didn't bode well. Compelled to endure the indignities of the Jim Crow South, barred by racism from many ball parks and plagued by a sore arm, Robinson had done poorly in exhibition games. One reporter suggested that had Robinson been white the Royals would have dropped him immediately. And whites weren't the only doubters. Jim Semler, owner of the New York Black Yankees, commented before the opener, "[The] pace in the International League is very fast. . . . I doubt that [Robinson] will hit the kind of pitching they'll be dishing up to him." And Negro league veteran Willie Wells predicted,

PAINTINGS BY BERNIE FUCHS

"It's going to take him a couple of months to get used to the International League pitching."

Robinson, the second Montreal batter, waited anxiously as Boss Hagen threw out the first ball and leadoff hitter Marvin Rackley advanced to the plate. Rackley, a speedy centerfielder from South Carolina, grounded out to the shortstop. Robinson then strode to the batter's box, his pigeon-toed gait making him seem all the more nervous.

There had been speculation about what the crowd's reaction to Robinson would be. William Nunn of the *Courier* watched from the press box to see "whether the fears [that perhaps Robinson wasn't good enough] which had been so often expressed . . . were real or imagined." Robinson's wife, Rachel, wandered through the aisles, too nervous to remain in her seat. "You worry more when you're not participating than when you are participating," she later explained. "So I carried the anxiety for Jack." Standing at home plate, Robinson avoided looking at the spectators. "For fear I would see only Negroes applauding—that the white fans would be sitting stony-faced or yelling epithets." The crowd responded with a polite welcome.

For five pitches Robinson did not swing, and the count ran to 3 and 2. On the next pitch he hit a bouncing ball to Shortstop Jaime Almendro, who easily retired him at first base. Robinson returned to the dugout, accompanied by another round of applause. He had broken the ice.

Robinson, who was playing second base, came to bat again in the third inning. With two men on base and nobody out, the Giants expected Robinson, already recognized as a master bunter, to sacrifice, but he didn't. According to Smith, the crowd heard "an explosive 'crack' as bat and ball met. . . . The ball glistered brilliantly in the afternoon sun as it went hurtling high and far over the leftfield fence," 330 feet away. In his second at bat in the International League, Robinson had hit a three-run homer.

Robinson trotted around the bases with a broad smile on his face. As he rounded third, Manager Clay Hopper,

Montreal Royals. When he batted in the first inning, he would be the first black man in the 20th century to play in Organized Baseball. Jackie Robinson was about to shatter the color barrier.

"This in a way is another Emancipation Day for the Negro race," wrote Baz O'Meara of *The Montreal Daily Star*. "A day that Abe Lincoln would like."

PHOTO BY WILSON B. JONES FOR LIFE

continued

NO RETURN

continued

the Mississippian who reportedly had begged Rickey not to put Robinson on his team, gave him a pat on the back. All the players in the dugout rose to greet him, and John Wright, the black pitcher who was recruited to room with Robinson, laughed in delight. In the crowded press box Smith turned to Joe Bostic of *The People's Voice*, and the two black reporters, according to Smith, "laughed and smiled. . . . Our hearts beat just a little faster, and the thrill ran through us like champagne bubbles."

The Royals won the game 14-1, and as *The Pittsburgh Courier's* front page headline proclaimed, JACKIE "STOLE THE SHOW." "He did everything but help the ushers seat the crowd," wrote Bostic. In five trips to the plate Robinson had four hits, scored four times, and drove in four

runs. He also stole two bases and scored two of his runs after causing the pitcher to balk. "Eloquent as they were, the cold figures of the box score do not tell the whole story," reported *The New York Times* in an assessment that proved prophetic of Robinson's baseball career. "He looked as well as acted the part of a real baseball player."

"[Baseball] has given employment to known epileptics, kleptomaniacs and a generous scattering of saints and sinners," wrote black sportswriter Sam Lacy in the *Baltimore Afro-American* in 1945. "A man who is totally lacking in character has often turned out to be a star in baseball. A man whose skin is white or red or yellow has been acceptable. But a man whose character may be of the high-

est and whose ability may be Ruthian has been barred completely from the sport because he is colored."

Lacy thereby underscored the inconsistency and irrationality with which the baseball establishment enforced its color barrier. In preseason exhibitions, postseason barnstorming tours and Latin American winter leagues, blacks and whites played together. In the major leagues rumors abounded that light-skinned blacks had infiltrated the game.

By far the most frequent contact between players of different races occurred in exhibition games that pitted black and white teams against each other. In the early years of the century, black clubs played against the regular rosters of major league squads, particularly when teams toured Cuba for spring training. At times the white outfits were major league in name only, lacking several stars or including nonroster players. In other instances, entire big league teams participated. In either event, Cuban and black stars fared well. According to John Holway, an authority on the old Negro leagues, from 1908 to 1911 the record of major league teams in Cuba was 500 (32-32-1). That led American League President Ban Johnson to denounce such exhibitions. "We want no makeshift club calling themselves the Athletics to go to Cuba to be beaten by colored teams," he proclaimed.

Nonetheless, games between major league and black teams continued until the 1920s, when Baseball Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis forbade clubs from appearing as a unit in the off-season; thereafter major league all-star squads could barnstorm, though Landis limited the number of players from a big league team allowed on any all-star squad. Black players believed that Landis promulgated this rule in order to end the embarrassing defeats they handed major league clubs.

"There is no rule, formal or informal, or any understanding—unwritten, subterranean, or sub-anything—against the hiring of Negro players by the teams of organized ball," declared Landis in 1942. The statement typified the hypocrisy of the baseball establishment. The men who controlled the national pastime in the first half of the 20th century had inherited a system of rigid racial exclusion. Although there was a sport played primarily in cities removed from the dictates of

continued



A 1945 off-season tour brought Robinson (front left) and Caspanella (rear left) together.

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NO RETURN

continued



Rickey's elaborate plan for integrating baseball was a scheme he shared with five

Jim Crow, baseball officials religiously policed the color line.

The task of defending the baseball establishment against its critics often fell to Landis. In 1920 baseball officials had selected Landis, a federal district court judge, to restore the game's tarnished image in the aftermath of the 1919 Black Sox scandal. The owners granted Landis absolute power to "safeguard the interests of the national game of baseball." In the eyes of the general public, Landis ruled wisely, courageously and fairly throughout his 24-year reign. Few Amer-

icans of the era matched his esteem and popularity. Yet Landis didn't warrant this reputation. He brought to baseball a disdain for law and due process characteristic of his judicial career. A "grandstand judge" who won fame in controversial cases, such as the Standard Oil Antitrust Case of 1907 and the wartime trials of Industrial Workers of the World leaders, Landis often acted arbitrarily, and higher courts frequently overruled his decisions. As baseball commissioner he imposed life suspension on players accused of gambling, even after the courts

had acquitted them. In other instances he ignored similar offenses.

While denying the existence of a color line in baseball, Landis carefully guarded his personal opinions on the race issue. Most contemporaries agreed, however, that he adamantly opposed desegregation. "Judge Landis had convenient hiding places for his ideals," wrote former Umpire George Moriarty in a 1947 letter to Happy Chandler, Landis' successor. "If the populace was not looking he had little compunction about defending the underdog [Moriarty meant he didn't feel compelled to], but if the spotlight were turned on in full focus, he would defend anyone to the last camera." During the mid-1930s, according to then National League President Ford Frick, Landis short-circuited a suggestion by several owners to debate the race issue in closed session, ruling that the topic had not properly been placed on the agenda. In 1942, when Brooklyn Dodger Manager Leo Durocher stated that he would sign black players if allowed to, Landis publicly proclaimed, "Negroes are not barred from Organized Baseball... and never have been during the 21 years I have served." The following year, a group of black leaders attended a major league meeting in Manhattan. Actor Paul Robeson, speaking for the group, urged the owners to give black players the same opportunity he had been given in the theater. Landis stifled any discussion of their proposals.

Some baseball "experts" even argued that the absence of blacks in the majors stemmed from their lack of talent, intelligence and desire. "There is not a single Negro player with major league possibilities," alleged a *Sporting News* editorial of Nov. 1, 1945. And Cleveland Indians owner Alva Bradley later asserted, "In 1945 there was only one Negro player mentioned as being of major league caliber. That was Satchel Paige." Owners frequently complained about the absence of minor league seasoning among black athletes, but they never gave them the opportunity to start at the lower levels and prove their abilities.

Smith, of *The Pittsburgh Courier*, the nation's leading black weekly, was the most talented and influential of the black sportswriters. An athlete of considerable talent in his youth, he found his path to pro sports blocked by the color barrier. In 1933 he pitched his American Legion

continued

**Practice
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because
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NO RETURN

continued

team to a 1-0 victory in a playoff game. A scout from the Detroit Tigers signed Smith's catcher, Mike Tresh, who later played and coached in the majors, as well as the losing pitcher. For Smith, the scout had only wistful words. "I wish I could sign you, too, kid. But I can't." Smith attended West Virginia State on an athletic scholarship and joined the *Courier* in 1937. A year later he became the sports editor.

Two other young black sportswriters who played critical roles also appeared at this time. Lacy, a persistent and perceptive critic of the baseball establishment, joined *The Washington Tribune* in 1937 and, after stints with that paper and *The Chicago Defender*, in 1944 became the sports editor of the *Baltimore Afro-American*, a job he still holds today at 77. In New York, Bostic was spearheading the integration campaign.

At a time when few whites thought of racial issues, these writers injected the integration controversy not only into the black press, but into the broader public arena. Smith interviewed National League players and managers about their attitudes regarding the entry of blacks into the majors. Lacy attended meetings of baseball executives, requesting—and often getting—the opportunity for blacks to plead their case. Bostic became a thorn in the side of the three New York teams by leading delegations to their offices and challenging them in his articles. One year Bostic wrote a Christmas column entitled "No Room at the Yankee Inn," criticizing that club for its failure to employ blacks. The piece garnered Bostic a writing award—and de facto banishment from the Yankee press box.

World War II, more than any other event, caused Americans to re-evaluate their racial attitudes. Many historians view the war as a watershed in the black struggle for civil rights, partly because the conflict against Nazi racism exposed the contradictions of racial practice in the United States.

The impact of both the world

conflict and the nation's heightened racial awareness also affected baseball. Because the military draft quickly depleted major league rosters, teams soon consisted mostly of 4-F holdovers, retirement-age veterans and athletes of minor league abilities. Pete Gray, the one-armed outfielder who played for the 1945 St. Louis Browns, became a dramatic symbol of baseball's wartime manpower shortage. But Organized Baseball totally ignored two-armed, able-bodied Negro league athletes.

In 1942, Bill Veeck Jr., then 28, had presented a more potent challenge to the ban on blacks. Veeck, the son of the former president of the Chicago Cubs, would become a gadfly to the baseball establishment for the next 3½ decades. In 1941 he had purchased a debt-ridden, last-place minor league franchise in Mil-

waukee. Through wildly imaginative promotions and shrewd player deals, he transformed the team into a profitable pennant winner. In late '42 he advanced a more audacious scheme. Veeck sought to purchase the founding Philadelphia Phillies from owner Gerry Nugent and stock the team with blacks. "The only untapped reservoir of players was the blacks who were either older or for one reason or another had not been drafted," says Veeck. By fielding the cream of the Negro leagues, Veeck wrote in his autobiography, *Veeck—As in Wreck*, "I had not the slightest doubt that in 1944, a war year, the Phils would have leaped from seventh place to the pennant."

Veeck had little difficulty in attracting financial backers or reaching agreement with Nugent. He made just one error. "Out of my long respect for Judge Landis, I felt he was entitled to prior notification of what I intended to do," wrote Veeck. He traveled to Chicago and unveiled his scheme to the commissioner. Landis listened politely, revealing no reaction.

Veeck headed back to Philadelphia, confident that he had purchased the Phillies. When he got there the next morning, he discovered that Nugent had turned the club over to the National League. Shortly thereafter Frick sold the team to William Cox, a wealthy lumber dealer, for half the price that Veeck had offered. Did Landis block the sale of the Phillies to Veeck? "I have no proof of that," says Veeck. "I can only surmise." Several weeks later Veeck heard that Frick had boasted about stopping the young maverick from contaminating the league. In the end Frick and Landis became the victims of their sub rosa dealing. Within the year Landis had to banish the uncontaminated Cox from baseball for betting on his own team.

Landis had again protected the racial purity of the game, but even caesars are mere mortals. Shortly after the 1944 season the craggy-faced jurist died of a heart attack. The death of Landis removed the symbol of



Wright (left) went to Montreal to ease Robinson's transition.

baseball's integrity; it also eliminated one of the most implacable and influential opponents of integration.

In March 1945, Lacy sent a letter to each major league owner suggesting the creation of a committee to study "the possibilities and [find] the best way of ironing out the many ramifications" of bringing blacks into the majors. Lacy admitted in his letter that "this is a sort of compromise for me as a colored man in that it embraces the element of 'appeasement,'" but he felt "it will be a step in the right direction." Leslie O'Connor, who headed the panel replacing Landis until a new commissioner could be chosen, allowed Lacy to address the owners on April 24. Lacy presented his proposal and the executives agreed to his plan. A major league committee on baseball integration was established; it included Lacy, Rickey and Yankee President Larry MacPhail and Philadelphia magistrate Joseph H. Ramey. Despite repeated efforts by Rickey and Lacy to convene the group, it never met. "MacPhail always had some excuse," recalls Lacy. "Finally Branch Rickey said, 'Well, Sam, maybe we'll forget about Mister MacPhail. Maybe we'll just give up on him and let nature take its course.'" If Rickey was subtly revealing his intentions, Lacy didn't realize it. While Lacy struggled to bring the committee on integration to life, a new baseball commissioner was assuming office: A. B. (Happy) Chandler, U.S. Senator and former governor of the segregated state of Kentucky.

Shortly before the appointment of Chandler, Bostic had arrived unannounced at the Dodgers' wartime spring training camp at Bear Mountain, N.Y. With him were two Negro league players, Pitcher Terris McDuffie and First Baseman Dave (Showboat) Thomas, for whom Bostic demanded tryouts. "I'd decided I'd gotten all the mileage out of conversation I could," Bostic says. "The next thing was a concrete move, and this would be it." Bostic had previously appeared at the Dodger offices to plead his case. "Always," he recalls, "there was this smooth out that you can't accuse baseball of having a color line or prejudice because no black had tried out for the majors. Finally in '45 I took the bull by the horns."

Bostic experienced difficulty in gathering recruits for the expedition to Bear



Chandler favored integration.

Mountain. "You'd be surprised at the number of players who were actually afraid to buck the establishment," says Bostic, who canvassed 10 or 12 players before settling on McDuffie and Thomas. "McDuffie had all the guts in the world. Nothing scared him." A standout pitcher in the Negro leagues since 1930, at 32 he seemed an unlikely candidate for the major leagues. Thomas, a veteran of more than 20 seasons of Negro league ball, was five years older. "I'd settled on Thomas," says Bostic, "because he was the best fielding first baseman I knew of, far none. I knew Thomas would dazzle them, and he had a good bat," recalls the Black reporter.

According to Bostic, when he, McDuffie and Thomas arrived at Bear Mountain, "Rickey almost went berserk with fury. We went into the dining room at the Bear Mountain Inn, and he told me that he didn't appreciate what I'd done." Rickey told Bostic that he'd been put on a spot. If he allowed the tryout to proceed, Bostic would get "the sports story of the century." On the other hand, if

Bostic was turned down, Rickey would open himself to embarrassing criticism. Confronted by this dilemma and enraged for reasons unknown to the others at that time, Rickey gave McDuffie and Thomas a tryout the next day. They each performed for 45 minutes before Rickey dismissed them.

"I'm more for your cause than anybody else you know," Rickey had told Bostic before the tryout, "but you're making a mistake using force. You're defeating your own aims." Rickey never forgave Bostic for his actions. "He never spoke to me from that day until the day he died," says Bostic. And as he left the tryout, Bostic considered Rickey the least likely person to leap baseball's color barrier.

Less than a month later Rickey assembled a press conference to address the issue of blacks in baseball. Before an audience of reporters from the black and white media Rickey quickly dashed any hopes that the Dodgers planned to sign a black player. Agitation like the imposed tryout, he charged, was Communist inspired and harmful to the cause. Rickey then turned his attention to the Negro leagues, which he derided as "rackets." To remedy this situation, Rickey announced the establishment of the United States League, a new circuit for black players. Unlike the existing Negro leagues, the U.S. League would utilize standard contracts and regular schedules and give superior treatment to its players. The possibility existed, hinted Rickey, that the best performers in the U.S. League might be recruited by major league teams.

The response to Rickey's announcement ranged from puzzlement to disappointment. The institution of a new Negro league hardly seemed the answer to baseball's racial dilemma. Some commentators accused him of aspiring to the "dictatorship" of black baseball. Others saw this as a subterfuge to evade New York State's Ives-Quinn antidiscrimination act. Black columnist Ludlow W. Werner later wrote, "When I left that meeting . . . I had formed the opinion that it would be a hot day in December before Rickey would ever have a Negro wear the uniform of Organized (white) Baseball."

The U.S. League was indeed a subterfuge, though not of the kind Rickey's detractors suspected. Behind the facade of

continued

looking for talent for this strange new league, Rickey, in reality, was seeking black athletes to play for the Dodger organization.

The need for absolute secrecy obscured the conspiratorial Mahabma. Pre-mature revelation, he feared, would undermine the entire enterprise. He informed only those for whom he deemed foreknowledge essential. Primary among his select circle were the Dodger owners. The real authority in the organization ultimately rested with the Brooklyn Trust Company, which had kept the ball club afloat with generous loans. In 1943, Rickey discussed with George V. McLaughlin, the bank's president and a local civic leader, the possibility of recruiting black players. McLaughlin responded favorably, but added a caveat: "If you find the man who is better than the others, you will beat it, and if you don't, you're sunk." With McLaughlin's support Rickey broached the issue to the Dodger board of directors. All of its members endorsed Rickey's plan.

Rickey assigned his top Dodger scouts—George Sisler, W.D. Matthews, Tom Greenwade and Clyde Sukeforth—to search for black players. He told them that they were looking for talent for a new team alternately called the Brown Dodgers or the Brown Bombers, which would play in Ebbets Field when the Dodgers were on the road. None of them suspected Rickey's true intentions. He instructed them to maintain a low profile so as not to attract attention. "We'd buy our ticket and we'd sit back and we never identified ourselves at all," says Sukeforth. "If we saw a good looking ballplayer we made a report on him, just like a white boy." Rickey also employed Oscar Charleston, a former Negro league star, to assist in scouting and to provide necessary background information on the prospects.

Rickey reviewed the reports accumulated by his scouts and weighed the merits of the candidates. The initial black player would probably spend several years in the minor leagues, making anyone over 30 a risky proposition. Many of

the top stars in the Negro leagues, like Satchel Paige and Josh Gibson, were thereby eliminated due to age. On the other hand, many of the younger Negro league stars lacked the maturity necessary for the role. Others, like Monte Irvin, whom many observers deemed the best prospect for major league stardom, were in the Army. Catcher Roy Campan-

Monarchs' shortstop. In May, following the U.S. League press conference, he quizzed Smith about potential players for his new team. Smith unhesitatingly mentioned Robinson, whom he had accompanied, with two other black players, to a recent tryout in Boston. Reports from three scouts all spoke highly of him, too.

When Rickey had investigated Robinson's background, some people cautioned him that in basketball Robinson's trouble was that he would argue with and talk back to white officials and players, and that as a youth Robinson had had difficulties with the police because he was always shooting off his mouth about his constitutional rights. "He wasn't the most popular man on the campus and off," wrote *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Will Connolly. "Jackie had a genius for getting into extra-curricular scrapes." Both Rickey and Connolly dismissed this behavior as unacceptable only because of Robinson's race. "If he had done the things people are criticizing him for as a white player he would have been praised to the skies as a fighter, a holier guy, a real competitor, a ballplayer's ballplayer," explained Rickey. "But because he's black his aggressiveness is offensive to some white people."

In 1945 Robinson had joined the Monarchs, with whom he spent an unhappy season barnstorming through the nation. The educated Robinson, a nondrinker and nonsmoker, never quite fit into the boisterous life of the Negro leagues. Accustomed to the discipline and structure of intercollegiate athletics, Robinson found the loose scheduling and erratic play appalling. Nor did he hide his distaste for being relegated to a Jim Crow league. Though most black players resigned themselves to their segregated status, Robinson often spoke of impending integration. Teammate Othello Renfro recalls, "We'd ride miles and miles on the bus and his whole talk was, 'Well you guys better get ready because pretty soon baseball's going to sign one of us.'" When faced with the indignities of Southern segregation, Jackie would grow livid. "We . . . pulled up in



Rickey was an early witness to Jackie's Royal debut.

ella of the Baltimore Elite Giants and Pitcher Don Newcombe of the Newark Eagles were both judged potential major-leaguers, but Rickey felt that neither matched his stringent requirements for the pivotal role.

Increasingly, Rickey's attention became focused on Robinson, then the

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service stations in Mississippi where drinking fountains said black and white and a couple of times we had to leave without our change, he'd get so mad," Renfroe recalls.

At Rickey's behest, Sukeforth met Robinson in Toledo, where he had to scout another player. The two men then traveled together to New York, where on Aug. 28, 1945, Sukeforth ushered Robinson into Rickey's office.

Rickey told Robinson of his extensive research into his career and personal life. He then revealed the purpose of the meeting: Robinson was jolted—and a bit skeptical. "It took me a long time to convince myself that Rickey was not just making a gesture," he later told Smith. For three hours Rickey harangued Robinson on the responsibilities incumbent upon the first black player, graphically illustrating the difficulties that Robinson might face. He portrayed the hostile teammate, the abusive opponent, the insulting fan, the obstinate hotel clerk. Rickey challenged Robinson with racial epithets and verbally transplanted him into ugly confrontations. "His acting was so convincing that I found myself clenching my fingers behind my back," wrote Robinson.

Thus began one of the most remarkable relationships in sports history, one which Rachel Robinson feels people have misunderstood. "The things that have been reported about it make it sound very paternalistic on Mister Rickey's part, as though he directed everything," says Rachel. "There was much more of an attitude of their being collaborators and conspirators. . . . There was an alliance between them and a kind of mutual respect."

Before leaving Rickey's office Robinson signed an agreement to accept a bonus of \$3,500 and a salary of \$600 a month, which would be offered by the Montreal Royals, the top Dodger farm club, by Nov. 1. Rickey swore Robinson to secrecy, with exceptions made for Rachel and his mother.

For almost two months Robinson kept the news bottled inside him. Only his family and fiancée knew that Rickey had tapped him. Then, with the signing one day off, he had to share his thoughts. Robinson was staying at the Woodside Hotel in Harlem, awaiting departure on a winter barnstorming tour of Venezuela with the American All-Stars. He knew

that Campanella, one of his teammates, had met with Rickey the preceding week. The two athletes scarcely knew each other, but Robinson invited the catcher to

ella that he'd signed. Suddenly he exploded with excitement. "I didn't sign with the Brown Dodgers," he told the startled Campanella. "I'm going to play



Robinson homered in his first game for Montreal, a 14-1 win over Jersey City.

his room to play cards. After the first hand Robinson questioned Campanella about his visit with Rickey. Campanella said he had no interest in playing for the Brown Dodgers.

"Dad Mister Rickey tell you that he wanted you for the Brown Dodgers?" asked Robinson.

Campanella realized that Rickey had never mentioned which team he wanted him to join. Robinson then told Campan-

ella for Montreal. . . . I'm going to be the first Negro in Organized Baseball. I'm flying up to Montreal tomorrow for the official signing ceremony. It's going to be a big thing—cameras and everything."

Rickey, the architect of the integration strategy, had carefully planned each aspect of the historic breakthrough, seeking to minimize the difficulties Robinson would face. Thus, he assigned Robinson to Montreal, a team that ventured no far-

ther south than Baltimore during a regular season.

From the moment of Robinson's signing, rumors had spread that at least one other black player would be put on the Montreal roster to provide Robinson with a roommate and companion. That man turned out to be the little-known Wright, 27. Scouts described him as a "willowy righthanded pitcher," as having good control, a live fastball, and a wide variety of curves, knucklers and sinkers. He'd pitched for the New Orleans Zulus, a novelty team in his hometown, as well as for the Newark Eagles, Toledo Crawfords and Homestead Grays of the Negro leagues. In 1943 he was 25-4 for the Grays. In 1944 Wright had joined the Navy and, like many other players, fought his military battles on baseball diamonds. Pitching for a Great Lakes Naval Station team, Wright had a 15-4 record, including a no-hitter and one of the lowest earned run averages in the armed forces.

"Wright doesn't boast the college background that is Jackie's," wrote Lacy, "but he possesses something equally valuable—a level head and the knack of seeing things objectively. He is a realist in a role which demands divorce from sentimentality." Wright put it another way: "I'm a Southerner. I've always lived in the South, so I know what's coming. I've been black for 27 years, and I will remain like that for a long time."

It's unclear where Wright fit into Rickey's grand scheme. "I don't think that the reports indicated that Johnny Wright was an outstanding pitcher," says Sukeforth, "but apparently Mister Rickey thought he would be an excellent companion." Yet Wright possessed considerable talent. Several major-leaguers who had played against both rated Wright a better prospect than Robinson.

With Robinson batting .349, to lead the league, and stealing 40 bases, the Montreal Royals won the 1946 International League pennant by 18½ games. In the league playoffs they defeated the Newark Bears and the Syracuse Chiefs. The Little World Series, which pitted the International League titles against their American Association counterparts for the championship of the minors, remained the team's only test. And so the Royals headed south to play the Louisville Colonels.

Jim Crew adopted a hybrid form in
continued

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Louisville. Schools were segregated, but streetcars weren't. Blacks and whites went to separate theaters but shopped in the same stores. At Parkway Field, where the Colonels played, segregation existed both on and off the baseball diamond. Blacks could pay admission and watch the proceedings from a small Jim Crow section down the rightfield line, but until now only whites played the game.

As the likelihood of a Louisville-Montreal series grew apparent, many people rooting for Robinson's success expressed concern that he might be barred from playing in the Southern city. Bruce Dudley, the president of the Colonels, had opposed the Robinson signing the previous year, but he quickly squelched rumors that Robinson would not be allowed to participate. As long as Organized Baseball accepted Robinson, reasoned Dudley, he could appear in the Louisville stadium.

Each time Robinson came to the plate during the three games at Louisville a chorus of boos rained down on him from the almost all-white crowd. "He took it most gracefully and conducted himself in his every move as a gentleman," wrote Tommy Fitzgerald, a sympathetic Louisville sportswriter. The tension of the series, however, affected Robinson's play. In three games in Louisville he had only one hit, though he did turn in several stunning fielding plays. Deprived of Robinson's demoralizing speed on the bases, the Royals lost two of those three.

"You haven't seen the real Robinson yet," Royals Shortstop Al Campanis warned the Colonels as the teams departed Louisville. "He's much better than he showed here. Wait until you see him in Montreal." On October 1 in Montreal a light snow had fallen. Delormier Downs, the Royals' home field, was lined for football as well as baseball. Despite the cold weather, a large crowd appeared to wreak vengeance on the Louisville players for Robinson's treatment in Kentucky, as each Colonel approached the plate, the fans roundly jeered him.

In the opener in Montreal, it appeared that the Colonels would easily get their

third victory of the series. At the end of 4½ innings they led 4-0, and going into the bottom of the ninth they were still ahead, 5-3. A wild streak by their pitchers, however, allowed Montreal to even the score, with Robinson scoring the tying run. In the bottom of the 10th an er-

ror, a fielder's choice and a sacrifice placed Royal runners on second and third. A failed squeeze then left men on first and third. The Colonels elected to walk Mary Rackley intentionally to load the bases and pitch to Robinson. Then, as Fitzgerald wrote it, "On this fragid, football-striped baseball diamond tonight, Jackie Robinson, former . . . halfback at Southern California [sic] intercepted one of Mel Deutsch's pitches from the 15-yard line to give Montreal a 6-5 victory over Louisville."



Robby won admirers with his play and demeanor.

ror, a fielder's choice and a sacrifice placed Royal runners on second and third. A failed squeeze then left men on first and third. The Colonels elected to walk Mary Rackley intentionally to load the bases and pitch to Robinson. Then, as Fitzgerald wrote it, "On this fragid, football-striped baseball diamond tonight, Jackie Robinson, former . . . halfback at Southern California [sic] intercepted one of Mel Deutsch's pitches from the 15-yard line to give Montreal a 6-5 victory over Louisville."

The Montreal Gazette called Robinson's game winning single "revenge," but his retribution had just begun. The next night the "dark destroyer," as he was called in Montreal, slashed a double in

the first inning and scored the first Royal run. With the score tied 3-3 in the seventh, he led off the inning with a booming triple and then scored on a double. In the eighth inning, with the bases loaded and two out, Robinson surprised everyone with a squeeze bunt, which scored

Campanis from third with the final run in the Royals' 5-3 victory.

"Quicker than you can say Jack Robinson, the Colonels have changed from favorites to underdogs in the Little World Series," wrote Fitzgerald.

For the sixth game, more than 19,000 people jammed Delormier Downs in the hopes that the Royals would bring the momentous season to a close. Forty-three-year-old Pitcher Curt Davis obliged with a 2-0 shutout. Robinson got two of Montreal's six hits and started two rally-ending double plays, including one in the ninth with two runners on base. The Montreal Royals were the 1946 Little World Series champions.

As the spectators poured onto the field Robinson fought his way to the clubhouse to join the Royal celebration. The French-Canadian fans refused to leave, chanting for Robinson to rejoin them and singing "Il a gagné ses épaulettes" (He earned his stripes). When he appeared outside the stadium in his street clothes they gathered around him, kissing him and hugging him and tearing at his clothes. As they lifted Robinson to their shoulders tears welled in his eyes. The crowd then chased him defiantly for three blocks as he attempted to leave. A passing motorist finally rescued Robinson and spirited him home. To Sam Malin of the Courier, who had shared so much of the season with Jackie and Rachel, it provided a fitting climax. "It was probably the only day in history," he wrote, "that a black man ran from a white mob with love instead of lynching on its mind."

NEXT WEEK

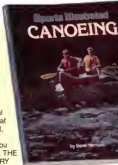
It is remembered in Robinson's summer, but there were four other blacks who were playing Organized Baseball in 1946.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 6-12

Compiled by LISA TWYMAN

BASEBALL—TEXAS beat Alabama 4-3 to win the College World Series in Omaha.

BOWLING—JIMMIE PRITTS JR. won his first PBA title, 214-212, over Don Gentry in the \$100,000 Southern California Open.

BOXING—JUNG-KOO CHANG retained his WBC light flyweight title with a second-round knockout of Maubanta Ita.

PRO FOOTBALL—USFL: It was to surprise when Atlanta Devotion-leading Philadelphia with the league's best record, trounced hapless New Jersey 21-9 to clinch the first playoff spot. Surprising was the outcome of the battle of the running backs. Phil Byrd's Kelvin Bryant and Jeremy Bernfield Walker going into the game, Walker led the league in rushing with 1,545 yards, followed by Bryant with 1,356. With the dust cleared, Walker had held his own against the USFL's best defense against the rush with 75 yards on 23 carries. Bryant, up against the league's worst rushing defense, was held to a season-low 34 yards on 11 carries. In the Pacific Division, Los Angeles' 42-17 loss to Michigan dropped the Express into a game behind Oakland, and Chicago claimed a share of the Central Division lead by defeating Tampa Bay 11-8 (page 22).

GOLF—SEVE BALLESTEROS eagled the last hole to complete an eight-under-par 276 and won the \$250,000 Wexchamper Classic by two shots over Claudio Zanardelli and Andy Beale.

PATTY SHEEHAN, with a nine-under-par 279, took two strokes ahead of Sandra Haynie to win the \$200,000 LPGA Championship in Kings Island, Ohio (page 58).

At the NCAA championships in Fresno, Calif., OKLAHOMA STATE was the team title by seven strokes over Texas, and JIM CARLIER of Arizona State broke by a four-way tie with a perfect 18 holes to earn the individual title. He finished regular play with an even-par 72.

HORSE RACING—CAVEAT (57.90, ridden by Laffie Pincay Jr.) beat Silver O' Gold by 3/4 lengths to win the \$350,000 Belmont Stakes. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 2:27.78 (page 18).

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY ALLISON, at a track, won a 12th/13th NASCAR race, beating Darrell Waltrip, in a Chevrolet, by 9.6 seconds in Round Pond, Pa. He averaged 128.4 mph for 200 laps on the 1.5-mile Pocono International Raceway.

AL UNGER SR., after finishing second, was declared winner of a 150-mile mile race in West. After alleged Jim Serra was disqualified because his March 15th record was too close to the ground. Unser averaged 115.805 mph in his Porsche-Cowbird.

RENE ARNOUX, averaging 106.066 mph in a Ferrari, won the Canadian Grand Prix in Montreal, finishing 41.027 seconds ahead of Eddie Cheever, at a Renault. Arnoux covered the 70 laps of the 2.6-mile circuit in 1:48:31.438.

BOWLING—CHRISTOPHER WOOD won the heavy-weight single title at the U.S. National Team trials in Princeton, N.J.

BAILING—A U.S. team of JONATHAN MCKEE and CARL BUCHAN won the Flying Dutchman world championship in Cagayan, Saragaya.

ROGGER—NASH. The one time the basketball-ridden Coward, who, upon one rider, are "the only team I know where there are classes of one." The team took a bench-clearing stuffing during a 3-1 loss to Golden Bay. The set-up was set off to Earthquake Coach Don Popovich, who went after New York's Wim Ruppberger following a disputed throw-in. Coach Andreas Lukanowski intervened and both he and Popovich were ejected from the game. The referee did nothing to help New York's Pat Morrow (formerly three-point lead in the Eastern Division). In the Southern Division, Team America leapfrogged from last to first by beating former leader Tampa Bay 1-0. Team America Coach Paul Har-

mond led seven saves, including three in the final five minutes. In the West, Vancouver, 1-0 for the week, continued its run, winning its fifth straight game and 10 of its first 11. The two Western teams last week came at the expense of Eastern colleagues Chicago (2-6) and Montreal (4-11).

TENNIS—JIMMY CONNORS beat John McEnroe 6-3, 6-5 to win a \$200,000 tournament at The Queen's Club in London.

BILLIE JEAN KING retained the \$100,000 Edgbaston Cup with a 3-1 win over Alycia Moulton in Birmingham, England.

TABLE TENNIS—ERIC BOGGAN of the U.S. beat Englisher Hagg of West Germany 3-2 to win the men's singles title at the U.S. Open tournament in Las Vegas. The U.S. defeated Canada 3-0 to win the men's team title.

TRACK & FIELD—MARLIES GOEHR shaved .07 of a second off her 8-year-old women's world record in the 100 meters with a time of 10.81 in East Berlin. In the same race Maria Koch was second in 10.83.

In Moscow, ANNA AMBROSE broke the women's world 400-meter hurdles record with a time of 54.02, 26 of a second faster than the old mark set by Karen Rodley of East Germany in 1981.

ZHU JIANHU A established a world high jump record in Beijing with a height of 7'9 1/2", breaking the old mark of 7'8 1/2" set by Gerd Weging of East Germany in the 1980 Olympics.

HIGHLIGHTS—ELECTED To Hockey Hall of Fame, former Chicago Black Hawk, Winnipeg Jets and Hartford Whalers player BOBBY HULL, 44, former Chicago Center STAN MILES, 39, by the former Montreal Canadian Coach KEN DRYDEN, 35.

HURED, As coaches at the NBA by the Chicago Bulls, KEVIN LUGGERRY, 43, former coach of the Atlanta Hawks by the New Jersey Nets, STAN ALBERK, 32, former coach of the San Antonio Spurs, by the Bulls, MIKE TRATELLO, 35, former assistant coach for the New York Knicks, by the San Diego Clippers, JIM LYNNAM, 41, former coach for the Portland Trail Blazers, by the former Chicago, K.C. JONES, 51, who had been an assistant with the Celtics, and by the Spurs, MORRIS MCHEONE, 39, who had been an assistant with San Antonio.

NAMED As winner for a record fourth consecutive season of the Bill Memorial Trophy, the NFL's most valuable player, Ed McCaffrey, of the Seattle Seahawks, by the NFL, Ed McCaffrey, 22, New York Giants' Right Tackle MIKE DOLY, 26, won the Lady Byrd Memorial Trophy for sportsmanship, Boston Bruin PETE PETERSEN, 25, was awarded the Venable Trophy in outstanding goaltender.

RESIGNED As executive director of the NFL Players Association, ED GARVEY, 43, to become Wisconsin's deputy treasury general, GENE LIPSHAW, 37, was named to replace Garvey.

SUSPENDED From participating in all Grand Prix and Davis Cup tennis tournaments for one year, GUILLERMO VILAS, the world's fifth-ranked player, for allegedly accepting appearance money in a Brazilian tournament in March. He was also fined \$20,000 (page 13).

YANNICK NOAH, for 42 days, from all tennis competition and exhibitions for refusing to play a World Team Cup match. He was fined \$20,000.

TRADED By the Milwaukee Brewers, Outfielder GORMAN THOMAS, along with pitchers JAMIE EASTERLY and ERNIE CAMACHO, to the Cleveland Indians, for Outfielder RICK MARSHALL and Pitcher RICK WAITS.

DIED Denver MIKE ALLEN, 41, of massive head and neck injuries sustained when his car crashed during a Can-Am race in Mesquite, Ont.

FACES IN THE CROWD



LYTLE NELSON
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Nelson, 34, a two-time member of the U.S. Olympic Bowls team, won his fifth straight U.S. Men's Mountain Division, held in Squaw Valley, Calif. He shed cross-country 6 miles, ran 6.2 and cycled 18.6 in a course-record 1:54.58.



KIM WEBSTER
WEST GATLIN, ILL.



BETH WEBSTER
WEST GATLIN, ILL.

Kim, 17, and Beth, 15, both students at Padua Academy in Wilmington, Del., led the school's girls' track team to a 12-0 record and the Delaware Division I girls' championship. During the state individual and team meets in Dover, Kim had first in the 100-meter mile hurdles with a time of 15.1 seconds and the 300, run in a state high school girls' record time of 45.2. Beth had second-place finishes at the 200 (25.2) and 400 (56.6) meter dashes, and a third in the 100.



KEVIN WHIPPLE
DUNELM, ILL.

Kevin, a senior at Dunelm, Ill., shot a 5-over-par 221 for 54 holes to win his third consecutive state class 3A golf championship, in Norman. He was 10 strokes ahead of the runner-up and also led the Demons to their second straight team title.



KAREN MOHLING
GILBERT, AZ.

Mohling, a senior at the University of Washington, led the Huskies to their third straight national collegiate women's rowing title, on Lake Waikanae in Madison, Wis. She was in the winning boat all three years and captured the '83 crew.



CHARLIE HARRINGTON
MOUNTAIN VIEW, ARIZ.

Harrington, a senior inside center at Babson College, scored the deciding try in his club's 12-9 win over Amherst in the New England Small College Athletic Association's one game. He is a founding member of the 4-year-old Babson club.

CREDITS

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

WASHINGTON'S HOGS
Sir:

I have no beef about your article on the world champion Redskins' Head Hog, George Starke (He's the Head Hog, B). George, June 6) Jack McCallum's story revealed a seldom seen side of the Skins' multifaceted right tackle. In fact, articles like this go a long way toward proving that linemen have IQs higher than the numbers printed on their jerseys.

By the way, from the looks of the "official portrait" of the Hogs, they also like to ham it up in front of the camera.

RODNEY E. HARGRAVES
Rhoadesville, Va.

Sir:

The picture of the Hogs in formal attire is living proof of the old adage, "You can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear."

BILL JOHNSON
Sandwich, Ill.

THE ORANGEMEN'S TITLE
Sir:

I was delighted to learn that Syracuse had finally won the elusive national lacrosse championship (The Orange Squeezed One Out, June 6). Lacrosse at Syracuse loomed large in my childhood, so I was pleased to read Franz Lide's excellent article about the game, the school and its personalities, the Sommerses, Roy Sr. and Roy Jr., and Jim Brown.

An interesting aside to Brown's outstanding lacrosse career at Syracuse is that my father, Bob Severance, once held the school record for the most goals scored in a game. Some eight years later, probably in 1957, he refereed a Syracuse-Army game in which Brown broke that record.

Dad went on to help establish a lacrosse program at area high schools, including West Genesee, from which the present championship team drew so many of its players I would say those efforts have now really paid off.

CAROL BRADY
Pittsford, N.Y.

Sir:

Central New York's lacrosse community thanks you for the fine coverage of Syracuse's gallant comeback victory over Johns Hopkins for the NCAA Division I crown.

The article states that "Only a third of the present team comes from the same high school," West Genesee of Camillus, N.Y. It may interest your readers to know that West Genesee High has now won its last 68 games and three straight state championships. On June 11 the Wildcats came from behind, scoring six goals in the last 16 minutes, to beat Yorktown High, of Yorktown Heights, N.Y.,

11-8 for that third consecutive title. They have not lost since June of 1980. Moreover, West Genesee has a lacrosse record of 109-2 in its last 111 games and 256-19 since April 1970. Also, of the 17 goals scored by Syracuse against Hopkins, 12 were by West Genesee alumni: Brad Koiz (5), Randy Lundblad (3), Dave Desko (2), Tom Korte (1) and Mike Powers (1).

NIL KERR
Sports writer
Syracuse Post-Standard
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

Jim Brown of Syracuse may have been, in Franz Lide's story, the world's best lacrosse player. But except in a handful of games, Brown never performed against the top teams. And while I concede that I never saw him play, I have watched about 250 games since 1940 and have seen many extraordinary players, nearly all of whom played for schools such as Johns Hopkins, Maryland, Virginia, Army, Navy, Princeton and, lately, North Carolina. Memory plays tricks, but I cannot recall seeing a better player than Mark Greenberg of Hopkins, a 6'4" defenseman who starred in the late 1970s and in 1980. A two-time first-team All-America, he was named Outstanding Defenseman for the years 1979 and 1980, Outstanding Player for 1979 and, in 1982, Outstanding Defenseman in the World Games tournament.

Of course, dozens of attackmen and midfielders have stood out, but because most of them did not play against each other over my 43 years of watching lacrosse, I find it hard, if not impossible, to compare them. And what about stars of the '20s and '30s? I never saw Doug and Jack Turnbull of Hopkins play, but they have been lacrosse legends for some 50 years. The point is, naming Brown as the best of all time is like trying to pick the best boxer or football player or tennis player of them all. It cannot be done.

HANK SIEGEL
Rockville, Md.

Sir:

I was interested to read the article about the victory of Syracuse over Johns Hopkins, but I was a little disappointed not to see a mention of the fact that Hobart, of Geneva, N.Y., won its fourth straight Division III title by beating Rosneke 13-9.

Of Hobart's 38 players, all but four are from New York, with 21 from the central part of the state. For the time being, New York lacrosse reigns supreme.

BILL BANGS
South Colon, N.Y.

INDOOR SOCCER
Sir:

Though I was happy to see SF's coverage of indoor soccer, I was disappointed in Jack Falla's article about the MISL championship game (Sockets Socko, the Blast Bombs, June 6). I thoroughly disagree with his assessment, "It is perhaps to the good of the game that, in the end, skill prevailed, with San Diego winning..."

As for skill, the Sockers' regular-season record surpassed that of the Baltimore Blast by only two games, and the four regular-season games between the two teams were evenly split, as were the playoffs until the fifth and deciding game.

Regarding Baltimore's "crowd-hyping" introductions, Falla failed to recognize that sporting events are meant to entertain. The Blast organization shines in this respect. More than 96% of the Baltimore Civic Center seats were occupied during Blast games this season, for an average of nearly 11,000 thoroughly entertained fans. I'm sure some NBA teams would love to have such figures.

Baltimore is caught up in soccer fanaticism. More than 10,000 fans demonstrated their affection for the Blast at a rally that followed the team's loss to San Diego. Only 1,000 or so San Diegans gathered to celebrate the Sockers' championship.

CHARLES SHUBOW
Owings Mills, Md.

Sir:

What Jack Falla fails to realize about those "glittery, crowd-hyping monuments to high tack," which have meant sellouts in cities like Baltimore, is that they are merely manifestations of the Americanization of soccer, which must occur for the MISL to survive. The elaborate pregame ceremonies in Baltimore did not stem from the whims of tack ownership, but were intended to bring fans to the game. Praise the Blast's shrewdness in achieving that goal; after all, isn't the purpose of the league to make money?

JORY STENOLD
Ocean City, Md.

BROTHERS AND OTHERS
Sir:

After reading your article Brother, Are They Armed? (May 30) about the remarkable Crouser family, I feel that I should inform you about the Barnett brothers, Doug and Mike, of Arizona Pacific University.

Actually, the Barnetts, not the Crousers, may be track and field's first family of throwers. As of May 29, the Barnett brothers had collected 19 NAIA All-America awards in track and field. By the time he graduated

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

from Azusa Pacific in 1982, Doug had accounted for 12 of those All-America awards. He was a two-time NAIA national champion in both the 35-pound weight throw (65' 2 1/4") and in the hammer throw (225' 10"). He was also the 1982 NAIA champion in the indoor shotput.

Mike is a four-time NAIA champion in the javelin. He is only the third NAIA track and field athlete to win the national title in an event four times. He had the best javelin throw by a collegian in 1983, a 296' 5". In 1982 he placed second to brother Doug in the hammer at the NAIA national meet. It was the first time in an NAIA track and field championship meet that brothers finished one-two in one event.

Both Barnetts are also excellent football players. However, each chose a different path in life. Upon his graduation in 1982, Doug took his talents as a defensive end to the NFL and is currently a member of the Los Angeles Rams. Mike, on the other hand, gave up playing linebacker so that he might better concentrate on qualifying in the javelin for the '84 Olympics.

GARY PINE
Sports Information Director
Azusa Pacific University
Azusa, Calif.

Sir,

As an amateur shotputter, I was thrilled to see Kenny Moore's article on Oregon's three Crouser brothers, along with Craig Neff's well-written piece on the American resurgence in the shotput (Udo Beyer-Beware, the U.S. Is There, June 6). Finally, an effort has been made to give these athletes the respect of the recognition they so richly deserve.

Despite the excellence of both articles, one small fault remains to be corrected. In the paragraph concerning Michael Carter, SMC's fine shotputter, Neff states that no schoolboy has yet come within 10 feet of Carter's high school record of 81' 3 1/2". That's no longer true. A high schooler has come within 10 feet of the record, albeit not by much. On May 28 at the Golden South Classic in Orlando, Fla., Arnold Campbell of Rosser City, La. put the shot 71' 10 1/2".

WILLIAM APRILE
New Orleans

AS SHAKESPEARE SAID (CONT.)

Sir,

I was disappointed to see one of my favorites omitted from "William Shakespeare's 15 Best Baseball Quotes" (LJNS, May 9). "Anton, thou hast hit it" (The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus, Act II, Scene 1).

JIM COYNE
Surrey, British Columbia

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Pick up the Tempo of your life.

To obtain a brochure with more information on Ford's all-new sedan, see your Ford Dealer or call 1-800-772-2100.

*Based on SAE standard J1349. The above estimates are projected Ford ratings based on Ford Engineering test data, and are expected to be very close to official EPA ratings. Use for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings will probably be lower. See your Ford Dealer for a copy of the Gas Mileage Guide when available.

Get it together—Buckle up.

Have you driven
a Ford... lately?





If you smoke...

you should know that many smokers who are looking for a cigarette that offers smoking pleasure and ultra low tar have made today's Carlton their No.1 choice.

In fact, Carlton is America's most popular, best selling ultra low tar brand.

Latest U.S. Government Report—Carlton King, Menthol or Box 100's—**10 packs of Carlton have less tar than 1 pack of the following brands:**

	tar	nic		tar	nic
King	12	1.0	King 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights	11	0.9	Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Marlboro	10	1.0	Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Salem	14	1.1	Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Kool Mints	11	0.9	Salem 100's	15	1.1
Newport	16	1.2	Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
Carlton Kings	Less than 0.5	0.1			
Carlton Menthol	Less than 0.5	0.1	Carlton Box 100's	Less than 0.5	0.1



100's: 4 mg. tar,
0.4 mg. nic.
100's Menthol:
3 mg. tar,
0.3 mg. nic.

King, Menthol
and Box 100's:
Less than
0.5 mg. tar,
0.1 mg. nic.

Box King—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic. Carlton

Carlton is lowest.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine. Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box:
Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine. 100's Menthol: 3 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine.
100's Soft Pack: 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. '81.